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THOMSON

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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The Women Difficulty in Agriculture.

ON every side voices are heard expressing the disappointment felt by women that their offer to do farm work has not been more cordially accepted. If, however, they will quietly consider the matter they will see that the average farmer is not acting unreasonably. We do not say that there are no exceptions. Some farmers in the South, rather than engage women, have gone to the commonest lodging houses and picked up the very refuse of humanity to gather in their hay and their corn, preferring the most shiftless of those who wear trousers to the best of the other sex; but that is a state of things which can be traced to the individual idiosyncrasy. The general reasons for the services of women not having been very widely accepted are simple enough. There is, first, the case of the fruit picking districts. When the season arrives for it, there is a movement to the Evesham Valley, Kent, and the other fruit growing districts, of women from

various parts of the country who have done this for years, and regard the work as their monopoly. It is seasonal in character, and by custom is met by a seasonal migration. We have come across women in very remote corners of the East Coast who have been in the habit for a quarter of a century or more of journeying to the centres for market gardening where peas are ready for plucking and bush fruit need to be picked. These women do not at all feel inclined to welcome town ladies, who as they put it in their blunt, but expressive way, come to take their jobs. Moreover, the two will not mix. Take even the case of the students from a women's college. Many of them with praiseworthy enthusiasm have volunteered to go down to the country and pick fruit or do any other work, but the attempt to place them side by side with the rough villagers has been far from happy. The woman of the fields is accustomed to use language not familiar to ears polite, and the ears of the refined students have often been considerably shocked. The two classes cannot work together. What is of even more importance, they cannot lodge together. Few have realised the difficulties of housing women workers in the village. The migrants care little where or how they are lodged; but not many students can rough it with them. No doubt at their colleges they play at being simple and living an outdoor life. They have their hammocks, tents and other sleeping contrivances, and are rather proud of being able to sleep out in the hot nights of summer. They do not recognise how very amateur they are till brought face to face with the actual conditions in the village.

Again, closely allied with the housing difficulty is that of finding what to do on a rainy day. The natural born agricultural labourer, when he cannot work on the farm, goes to the public-house. He may not drink much; but spreads the coppers which he can spare over a maximum of time, during which he can sit in shelter and sip the contents of his jug. But the women volunteers do not belong to the class that can do that. Most likely the lodgings in which they are placed are extremely repellent to them in the day time, and they would not be welcome to sit inside at any rate. Thus they are forced out and thrown back on their own resources for amusement.

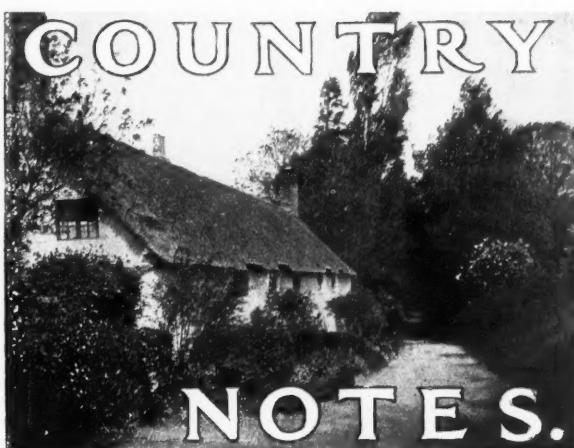
Even where these conditions do not prevail, the woman who comes to farm work as a novice is not of much use. She may probably ask to do milking, because in her mind country life has always been associated with a dairymaid. But there is no rural task on which the townswoman is less enlightened than on that of milking. The farmer has to consider her skill very carefully. The art cannot be acquired in the course of a day or two. In the first place, the farmer knows that unless the cow is thoroughly stripped her yield of milk will begin almost immediately to diminish, and stripping is very seldom understood except by those who have been brought up in close proximity to the cowshed. A cow's udder is a delicate and easily hurt or irritated portion of her mechanism, so that the bungler is always liable to make the cow uneasy and eventually kick, and not only is the operation stopped, but in all probability the result of her previous efforts is scattered on the ground. We are speaking here of the milking in little herds. On dairy farms where milk is sent up to town in large quantities the woman milker is not at all a success. In fact, she cannot do the work. Her wrists are not strong enough to stand it.

These facts are all very well known to the experienced farmer. In the past he has been able to get women workers cheaper than men workers, and by experience he has learned what they can and what they cannot do. He will not hire them to milk a considerable number of cows, even if they are skilful at the task, because he knows that they lack physical strength, and he will not hire them to milk one or two cows if he knows that they are learners, because the consequence of his doing so would be to injure, if not completely destroy, the return from the animals.

Our Frontispiece

WE publish as frontispiece to this issue a portrait of Miss Violet Asquith, the Premier's elder daughter, whose engagement to Mr. Maurice Bonham Carter has just been announced.

** It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY

NOTES.

ALL the great emotions have been stirred by the publication of Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch from the Dardanelles. Above all glows a swelling pride in our gallant soldiers, who, though to a large extent newly raised and hastily drilled, effected a landing on the surly shore of Gallipoli, in the teeth of superior numbers and scientific modern defences. Our glorious military annals record no finer achievement. The 29th Division, hastily collected after the war began, has won laurels of unfading renown. Men of the Royal Naval Division, the K.O.S.B., the fiery yet staunch Australians and New Zealanders, the troops from India, rivalled one another in thrilling and valorous deeds. Our pride is chastened and sobered at the price they had to pay; but Sir Ian Hamilton's story of those three days' fighting, of the overcoming of what military experts deemed an unsurmountable obstacle, will throughout the country reawaken faith in the indomitable valour of our army. Here is a Power against which the scientifically trained legions of Germany will dash themselves, only to be broken.

OUR readers will be well advised to read the article by Mr. Christopher Turnor in the new number of the *British Review*. He shows that the main need in the rural districts at the present moment is organisation. Of exhortation we have had more than enough; but the time has come now for actions rather than words. It is of the utmost consequence to the welfare of the Empire that the productivity of our soil should be increased. Mr. Turnor lays the greater stress on the need for more intensive cultivation. But there is at least an equal need for reclamation. There are millions of acres that had they been on the Continent would have been attacked long ere this. There is first the need of a more bountiful food supply grown on the soil, and there is a second reason which should not be lost to view. The working classes do not understand that their apparent prosperity at the moment is purely ephemeral in character. It arises almost exclusively from the needs of the Army. When those necessities are met and the war is over, there will be a plentiful supply of idle hands in Great Britain. Now, there is no possible way of employing them to more advantage than by bringing into cultivation those millions of acres which at present produce nothing but heather, scrub and bracken. Our Belgian contributor, M. Vendelmans, shows how the problem has been tackled in his country. The bugbear of excessive cost need no longer trouble those concerned. Modern methods add cheapness to those other attributes. At the present moment, then, no more important task is awaiting anyone than that of increasing the productivity of the soil by (1) enclosing the waste, and (2) improving the poor land.

IT was a pity that the Argentine Government did not remove the embargo upon importing livestock till after the conclusion of the Nottingham Show. At the auction of Shorthorns the best was done possible under the circumstances, as it was made one of the conditions of sale that should any animal be bought for export and difficulties arise over the Argentine prohibition, the bargain could be annulled. But, nevertheless, the mere fact that the Argentine Government was delaying had an effect on the buyers. A notification of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries contains a reminder that the exportation of cattle, sheep and swine from the United Kingdom is prohibited by Proclamation. Those who have purchased for the purpose of sending the animals abroad, therefore, must apply to the proper quarter, which is the War Trade Department, 4, Central Buildings, Westminster, for

licences to export. There would, of course, be no difficulty in arranging for sending pure-bred livestock, the object of the proclamation being simply to conserve the food supply of the United Kingdom.

ALL who visited the Royal Show at Nottingham were greatly cheered to find the agricultural community in such good spirits. They are looking forward to an early, and, at least a moderately, good harvest, one in which wheat will be plentiful, although the other cereals may not be up to the mark. The labour question has not proved so difficult as it threatened to be. Work has been procured in one way or another and although it is not so efficient as it was before the war, it has enabled the farmers to get through till now. Of course, the harvesting operations present a difficult problem, but very much will depend upon the weather. If it should be rainy a larger staff will be required in order to take full advantage of the fair intervals; should it be sunny and fine, the crops will be gathered without strain. It was interesting to find that on the whole stock owners agreed completely with the policy of the Board of Agriculture in interfering with the slaughter of very young and breeding animals. Many went so far as to say that something of the kind should have been done before; and some of the most thoughtful held the opinion that the effect of the order would in the end prove beneficial to the dairy farmers. Certainly it seems that the Board has taken a step in the right direction.

THREE is probably no doubt about the authenticity of the Kaiser's statement that there will be no winter campaign. Undoubtedly he and his people and, to be quite frank, all the other belligerents would be glad if there were not; but as we read his utterance we recall various statements, beginning with the one made early last autumn, that his soldiers would be back in Berlin and the campaign finished before the leaf was off the trees. The Kaiser is in no better position to name the month in which the war will end than is the proverbial man in the street. Mr. Asquith's message to the British nation was that it should not cease till Belgium was free from the invader and terms of peace fixed in the German capital. It would seem from the information published by the *Figaro* that the Germans meditate a great and strenuous effort to bring hostilities to a close; but then, if this be met and countered—as assuredly it will—the Kaiser's calculation as to the end of the war becomes at once invalid. His speech will be welcomed as an indication that the Germans are becoming weary of the war, but it will not be accepted as a trustworthy prophecy as to the date of the finish.

HERO-MARTYRS.

These are the souls that chose "but yesterday,"
When sweet Life put her keys into their hands,
The paths of peace along the flowering way,
Doing, with simple grace, her least commands:
Their kind hearts never passed a burden by
That they might shoulder for a weaker one;
Dreamers, but quick with wide humanity,
They left, for dreams, no irksome thing undone—
And they were first to heed their Country's Call,
To quell their hate of strife, the stress and din,
And go, prepared to die, renouncing all,
Hiding the two-fold sacrifice within—

O sure, for these, beyond Death's Great Release,
Green Pastures wait, and Christ's Eternal Peace!

LILIAN STREET.

GENERAL satisfaction will be felt that a place in the Admiralty has been found for Lord Fisher. He has been appointed chairman of the new Inventions Board which is being established to assist the Admiralty to bring science to bear on the new requirements of the naval service. Probably it is not a very bad guess that the problem over which most thought is being expended at the moment is that of dealing with the new and large submarines now being employed by the Germans. Several inventions have already been submitted to the Admiralty, and there is one which would have been accepted but for the weakness that it was liable to go wrong in a stormy sea. Lord Fisher is better qualified than any other man living to assess the value of these contrivances. He it was who introduced the submarine into the British service, and he was the first to realise the advantages of oil over coal. At the head of the Inventions Board, then, he is likely to perform great service for the country.

AS time goes on the Registration Bill does not become more popular. It is not that the citizen shows any desire to shirk his duty. On the contrary, the nation as a whole is more impressed to-day than it ever has been since the outbreak of hostilities of the need of a national, united and determined effort. But the national register idea has been evolved on sloppy lines. It includes too much. The main thing was to obtain the facts about the men between eighteen and forty. Possibly it might have been useful to add lists of those between fifteen and eighteen, as they are coming on to the fighting age; but for purposes of warfare it is only complicating the business to include older men. They have lost their physical fire and vigour and, although their experience may be of the utmost value in the council chamber, little is to be expected from them in the field. Moreover, their inclusion magnifies the greatness of the task. Look how many months pass before the roughest figures of the decennial census are available. It would scarcely be possible to get any order out of the figures in less time than half a year, and it is felt that something more prompt and resolute has to be done.

IT is a curiosity in literature that controversies should be continually arising over the text and authorship of a poem the writer of which is still living and, we hope, with a prospect of many years of life in front of her. In last week's *Spectator* a letter appears over the signature of "John Bernars" asking for the correct rendering of the following lines :

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
God is nearer man's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else upon earth.

He says the third line is also rendered "One is nearer God's heart in a garden," and "on" takes the place of "upon" in the fourth line, in an advertisement which charges 17s. 6d. for carving it on a garden seat, and describes it as "much favoured by the garden lover." He concludes by saying that he has often asked about these lines, but never received a satisfactory answer. This is all the more extraordinary because Mrs. Gurney placed the poem in question in the very front of the book of "Poems" which we published for her two years ago and which has achieved a very pronounced success. By turning to it, the correspondent of our contemporary will find that the third line of the verse is misquoted; it should read "One is nearer God's heart in a garden," and in the fourth line "on" is correct. Those who carve the verse on a garden seat ought surely to give honour to whom honour is due by placing under the lines the name of the authoress, Dorothy Frances Gurney.

IF the meeting at the Mansion House to start a campaign for preventing the spread of epidemics by insects in wartime is supported publicly and individually, the effect will be good for all time. Sir Frederick Treves, who was to have presided, sent a letter explaining that he himself was a victim to disease that probably had been carried by flies. He said that during the war in South Africa there were more casualties due to flies than to bullets, and pointed out the great dangers arising from the numbers of unburied dead in France. If anything had been wanted to give a strong practical impulse to the gathering, it would have been supplied by this letter. One or two of the speakers emphasised the need for doing away with open manure heaps, and urged housekeepers to greater cleanliness; while the destruction of eggs at the breeding places was also urged. A speaker whose name was not given commented upon the exposure of food in shop windows and the consequent attraction of flies. No doubt, if the measures thus indicated were stringently enforced, the result would be a considerable lessening of the danger which is doubly menacing just now, first, because we are at war, and, secondly, because experts agree in describing this as a fly year. Professor Lefroy's advice was very much to the point. He drew attention to the Exhibition in the Zoological Gardens, where in concrete form the flies may be seen and at the same time the best way of getting rid of them is taught by the clearest of object lessons.

ANOTHER aspect of the peril is being brought before the public at the Child Welfare and Mothercraft Exhibition, held at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place. There Dr. Halford Ross, by means of slide and lecture, has shown the manner in which infant life is imperilled by our carelessness with regard to flies. The circumstance of the time lends additional importance to what was said, for during the war the child death rate, as everybody knows, has considerably increased, and it is a solemn but unavoidable

reflection that hostilities such as those in which we are engaged vastly increase the value of young life. It devolves upon us to take care of the childhood of the race just as much as it devolves upon us to hand down to posterity an Empire inviolate and untainted. The widest publicity should be given to Dr. Halford Ross' lecture, and the one by Dr. Sambon on "The Protection of Children against Insect-borne Diseases." It ought in especial to be urged upon young mothers that milk, which is the most suitable food for infants, is also a common medium for the conveyance of disease by house flies.

EVEN in these stirring times a little space may be found to chronicle the progress made in the publication of the Oxford English Dictionary. It has been coming out now for more than thirty-one years, and the progress reported by Sir James Murray reminds us forcibly of the military successes gained at the front. "We have advanced — yards," says the official communiqué, and on the fresh instalment of the dictionary the editor says it covers the words Trink—Turndown, and we are informed that the next section to be published will take us well into "U." Those who are familiar with the great word book will not judge the time devoted to it excessive. In it the excellent system is pursued of showing the history of each word in quotations, so that we can trace its use from its earliest printing up to the present time, and also know the gradations of meaning attached to it. Sometimes we have been inclined to grumble at the miscellaneous character of the quotations, because in many a word is not employed with that fastidious nicety which the lover of good English seeks. But, taken as a whole, the plan adopted brings out what we may call the natural history of the vocable, and these quotations are in themselves mines of the most curious and out-of-the-way information.

SANCTUARY.

Four tubs my little garden bound
With twenty paces in between,
And here there comes no warring sound
Of what shall be or what has been,
But deep within its cup of trees,
A door's-breadth from the world, it keeps,
Unspotted from the dust of strife,
The shrine of its serener life.

The lilac and the flags have gone
Their splendid way, but here instead
Pale marguerite preens her floating stars,
Stout foxglove rears his head,
Steeple of lupine break the air,
Viola meek uplifts her face,
And Mother Simpkins one by one
Shoots her blind spires towards the sun.

For here in this mid-hour of June
Nothing that sings is out of tune,
Nothing that shines is dimmed with tears,
There are no past or future years,
But youth on an immortal wing
Flickers across the sunlit lawn,
And beauty with an angel's breath
Breaks through the dream that men call death.

H. H. BASHFORD.

NATURAL history research will be the poorer through the death of Lieutenant R. B. Woosnam at the Dardanelles at the early age of thirty-four. Mr. Woosnam was a man of remarkable activities, and crowded a great deal into a short life. Gazetted to the Worcester Regiment, he served through South Africa, retiring after the war to take up natural history research at the South Kensington Museum. He was the leader of the British Museum Expedition to Mount Ruwenzori, and travelled through Ngamiland and other parts of Africa collecting for the British Museum and the Zoological Society. In 1910 he was appointed Game Ranger in British East Africa, an important post which he held until March of this year, when he returned to this country to rejoin his regiment. His second period of active service was lamentably short, as he was killed on June 4th, within a month from his landing on the peninsula.

We are sorry to disappoint those who looked forward to seeing the seventh instalment of Madame Jasper's poultry article in this number. Its publication has been delayed till next week.

SEMPRE SAVOIA AVANTI.

BY J. M. DODINGTON.



J. Shaw.

ON THE ROMAN BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS, RIMINI.

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Days gone by—how far gone by, alas, I hardly like to think!—our family occupied a roomy flat in the Via Larga, Milan. A fine, abnormally wide street, as its name indicates, whose inhabitants pursued in leisurely fashion their tranquil avocations; where, sitting on our broad balcony in the golden light of noon as in the evening dusk, few sounds broke the dreamy silence of the old-world city save the tinkle-tinkle of a mandolin from a neighbouring caffè or the musical cry of “Latte miele—latte miele,” as a picturesquely attired contadina bore from door to door her dishes of honey flavoured junket.

But when I revisited Milan a year ago I found that its tranquillity had fled. Day and night the clangour of electric trams rang through its streets; one took one's life in one's hands at every crossing! “Yes; we flatter ourselves that we have revolutionised our city, that we have brought it into the forefront of progress,” complacently remarked an acquaintance whose birthplace was the happy Fatherland. “We have introduced the German system of tramways; the finest in the world. Also the greater part of the silk manufactures are now run by us, and, of course, our interest in the banking business—.” His wide-flung arms indicated the all-embracing nature of this the most favoured form of German enterprise. It sounded oddly in my ears, the possessive tone universally employed by the Teutonic colony of “our Mailland,” as one and all named the Italian city. Through the accents of the waiter who served me at my hotel—his name, of course, was Schmidt—as through those of the rich banker whose intonation betrayed the “cultured” country of his birth, there ran the same undercurrent of meaning: “In all essentials Mailland is a city of Deutschland even now, and as for the actual outward possession—ah, wait just a little, a very little, while!”

On my way back from the Brera Gallery, whose wonderful canvases have, with the years, lost none of their power to charm my eye, I entered a haberdasher's shop in search of some necessary, but forgotten, article of attire. “Perhaps, however, you speak English?” I added to the shopman, after stating my wants in his own tongue. The melancholy-eyed one regretfully shook his head. “Alas, no, signore, but”—brightening up a little—“of the German language I have a certain amount of acquaintance.” Doubtless he found it of more use than ours. It was rather a jar,

though, when I remembered how different would have been such a one's reply—say, thirty years ago!

Always, when one's eyes rest afresh upon Milan's glorious Duomo, one asks one's self, “Can anything be more absolutely lovely than the delicate lacework of those marble pinnacles soaring up into the blue, blue sky?” So intensely blue it seems, shining through their airy tracery! Then, when one pushes aside the heavy leather curtain and looks down the pearly gloom of those vast, perfectly proportioned aisles through which the prismatic play of colours from the magnificent stained glass windows glimmers in endlessly shifting hues, one answers: Yes, *perhaps* the interior is even more hauntingly beautiful. But not so thought two stout ladies who passed me on their way out. “Ach, it cannot for one instant be compared with our Köln cathedral,” said one, her loud, guttural accents breaking painfully through the solemn hush of those lofty aisles. “Aber! nein, nein. See you, Hedwig, this building partakes of the character of the Italian himself. Without true *kultur*—meretricious—” she passed out and the fall of the leather curtain cut off her further discourse. Meretricious! Milan Cathedral!

After dinner that evening I strolled into the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele and sat down at one of the little tables outside the Caffè Biffi, and there, while I slowly sipped my coffee, I gave myself up to memories of the past. How often, as a great treat, we children had been allowed to eat our ices on Saturday afternoons on this very spot; perhaps at this very table—for marble-topped tables live long. With what awe and admiration we watched the long-haired students of music stroll up and down, the ends of their long cloaks flung in stage conspirator fashion over their left shoulders in order to protect their precious throats from a possible chill. How many a budding Mario or Sims Reeves (those were the names to conjure with thirty years ago) might not those mantles envelop? we whispered to each other. (Alas, later years have taught us that to the musical profession many are called—or think they are!—but few, indeed, are chosen). And how graceful were the signorinas in lace mantillas who flitted among the cloaked cavaliers! How handsome the officers in their perfectly cut, perfectly fitting uniforms! Ah! the frequenters of the Galleria were truly picturesque in the old days.

And now! I set down my coffee-cup and looked around me. Broad faces, blue eyes, solid forms, distressingly

cut garments, and everywhere the harsh notes of the Teutonic tongue. . . . I heaved a long sigh, paid my reckoning, and departed.

Turning my steps into the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, I pursued its winding course to the Giardini Publici, a road we children had so often trod. Yes, there was the very latteria at which we had so often refreshed the inner man with glasses of the rich, creamy milk of Lombardy. The very same shining white tiles, the same brightly polished vessels—it might have been only yesterday that I stood at its counter. But stop!—was it unaltered? Above the entrance there used to shine in great golden letters the name "Bonardi." The golden letters still shone, but now they spelt out the cognomen "Wilhelm Wartenstein."

On the ponds in the Public Gardens the newly risen moon was throwing a flood of silvery radiance, the Indian ducks took their yellow bills from under their dusky wings and uttered a drowsy "quack, quack" as I passed; the high rockwork of the Alpine garden flung fantastic shadows across the gravelled path. I strolled on, thinking many thoughts, and took a roundabout road back to my hotel.

incalculable boon. And well has his grateful country conserved the gift. The sight of the network of canals which spreads over the provinces of Lombardy and Venezia, of the perfect order in which all are kept, brings a blush to the cheek of an Englishman who remembers to what condition most of the waterways of his own land have been allowed to sink. Alongside some of the bigger canals of Italy a narrow railway runs, on which an engine is driven by electricity, drawing along the watery sideway a whole string of heavily laden barges.

"The Virginia of Stresa." *Stresa.* As I gazed at the name on the vessel's prow my thoughts reverted to a happy autumn spent at that "beauty spot" of Lago Maggiore a few years ago. In those days the Dowager-Duchess of Genoa was still alive, and to her palace on the lake front the Royal Family of Italy paid frequent visits. I was standing one day on the primitive little pier watching a boat filled with peasants, who bore on their backs great baskets piled high with purple grapes, when a black barge picked out with gold shot out from the little harbour. At sight of it, and of the lady who sat in its stern, the peasants sprang



J. Shaw.

IN NORTHERN ITALY.

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On the bridge, which crosses a broad canal, one of the arteries of Northern Italy's magnificent system of waterways, I paused and looked at the name on the prow of a big, granite-laden barge—"The Virginia of Stresa," it read. In a trice my mind had followed the track traversed by the vessel moored now amid the great city's busy life. Northward I followed it through the green pastures and waving corn-fields of fair Lombardy, through the low-lying rice lands, up and up until quaint Angera lay before it, and between that white-walled, red-roofed village and old-world Arona it passed out upon the blue waters of Lake Maggiore. Then on past Meina, past Belgirate, past Stresa, until it lay below the great granite quarries above Baveno.

A most valuable possession these waterways of Northern Italy. I can well remember the shock of surprise which I experienced when first I learnt that it was Leonardo da Vinci who developed the wonderful system; that it is to him the world owes the invention of the lock-gate. Somehow one does not associate the brush of the master with the brain of the engineer! But to his *patria terra*, besides his imperishable canvases, the great genius bequeathed this

to their feet and swept their battered sombreros from their heads. The lady acknowledged their salute with a gracious smile and bow as her boat swept by.

"Sempre Savoia avanti," I murmured, and a workman who had been standing cap in hand close by me wheeled round with a dazzling smile for the Englishman *who understood*.

"Si, signore," he said. "She is our own, the beautiful Regina Margherita, and she loves the *patria terra* well. When she comes to visit her illustrious mother, the Duchess of Genoa, it is for Stresa a veritable festa. See you, she is of our own, our very own bone and blood, Margherita di Savoia."

He strolled by my side towards the quay. At that moment a round-faced, fresh-coloured gentleman in a grey tweed suit strolled by. The workman shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed intently after him. Then he turned to me: "The signore knows who it is that has just passed us?"

"No—who is it? Hardly of your country, I should say, by his appearance."

"Of our country? Mai piu! It is the German Count von Bülow. Truly he haunts our lake . . . Signore,

there are too many of these Tedeschi flocking southward in these days. At Pallanza, there, across the bay, at Baveno, in Stresa itself, they swarm. . . . Has the

signore, perhaps, seen how the ravens crowd around an ox whom they believe to be dying? . . . In the minds of us all arise, sometimes, strange thoughts as to what the future may show."



A HARBOUR.



AN ITALIAN WATERWAY.

J. Shaw

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"Sire," was the
Royal lady's proud

In this year of grace 1915 it has shown many things. It has shown in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, at the doors of that very Caffè Biffi where I sat sipping my coffee a year ago, a sea of dark, determined faces.

"Fuori, Tedeschi!" the shout arose as from one man. They did not riot, they did not destroy, these citizens of Milan (though of "the people's quarters" there would be a different tale to tell—a tale of fury and bloodshed), but their sentence was inexorable as fate. "Fuori, Tedeschi!" rang out from the great cathedral square. Along the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, through the wide Via Larga, the grim cry resounded. And by rail and by road, in trembling thousands, the Tedeschi went forth.

A few resisted. Half a dozen Germans with one or two non-interventionist followers took refuge behind the rock garden in the Public Gardens and fired their revolvers at their pursuers. And then were the battles of the barricades of the glorious War of Liberation repeated on a miniature scale—as in the great days of old the foreign invader was driven through the Porta Venezia in headlong flight.

This year 1915 has shown the great waterways of Italy bearing northward munitions and stores for her gallant army at the front. It has shown to the world the answer which Queen Margherita made to the message sent by William of Hohenzollern through his emissary von Bülow. In it he had asked for the Queen-Mother's intervention on Germany's side.

"Sire," was the
Royal lady's proud

reply, "in the house of Savoy only one member rules at a time."

The year 1915 has shown Queen Margherita's son at the head of his army. "The King has already visited every yard of the fighting line, passing into the most advanced and dangerous positions. He was with the first infantry

brigade of the Italian force which crossed the Isonzo on a pontoon bridge hastily constructed by the engineers, so that he has been one of the earliest to salute the territory which Italy has vowed to rescue from Austrian domination."

Truly, no empty phrase is the motto of King Victor Emmanuel's Royal house: "Sempre Savoia Avanti!"

WHAT THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.

II.—WILTSHIRE AND DORSETSHIRE.

THE Wiltshires and the Dorsets—it comes as natural to link the names of these two gallant regiments together as the names of the two contiguous counties to which they belong. While proud of their closely associated glories, they cherish a fiercely jealous individual patriotism, and it has long been a matter of keen local pride to each that it has been able to support linked battalions of its own by its own unaided efforts, unlike some other counties of England, even more populous than they. And right nobly have their regiments borne themselves. Everyone in Wiltshire to-day has got by heart King George's glowing words of praise, "The Wiltshire Regiment has done splendidly in this war. No regiments have done better"; while Dorsetshire feels that the same inspiring eulogy might just as truly have been spoken of its own gallant sons.

The county is displaying just the same magnificent spirit which it showed in the days when a French army for the invasion of England lay encamped for months near Boulogne, only waiting for the favourable opportunity, that, happily, never came, to transport it over the Channel—maybe to some Dorsetshire landing-place. Dorset then raised a regiment of yeomanry and another of militia; a light horse volunteer cavalry in West Dorset under Captain John Bragge; three battalions of volunteers commanded by Colonel Earl Digby, Lieutenant-Colonel John Jeffrey and Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Morton Pleydell, and also Captain John Penn's Portland Island Legion of Volunteers. A greenish regimental colour and a drum inscribed "Evershot Volunteers," hanging in the County Museum, are survivals of the movement. In the officers' roll of that period appear the well known Dorset names of Frampton, Churchill, Bower and Portman, and their descendants are well to the fore to-day.

The Dorset Regiment has a proud list of stirring battle names blazoned on its colours. Alone of all British regiments, it carries the name of Clive's great victory at Plassey, and then follow the splendid honours of Gibraltar and Egypt, Marabout, Albuera—the bloodiest day, relatively to the numbers engaged, of modern war—Vittoria and the other battles of the Peninsula, Ava, Sebastopol, Tirah, South Africa and the Relief of Ladysmith. Waterloo and the Mutiny battles are almost the only great names missing. The Dorsets have ever been in the thick of the fray. It is a wonderful battle roll, and to it there will soon be added, let us hope, the names of Givenchy and Pont Fixe—obscure villages of Flanders, where the brave lads of Dorset fought and bled and won renown.

The 1st Battalion formed part of the spear-head of the British Expeditionary Force which left England in mid-August, and was railed swiftly up to the Belgian border to take part in the Anglo-French offensive. But no sooner was Mons reached than the idea of an offensive was shattered and the British Army was assailed by huge masses of Germans. The Dorsets were brigaded with the Bedfords, the Cheshires and the Norfolks in the 15th Brigade of the 5th Division and, as one of the men described it, "the Germans came on to within two or three hundred yards of us in patches, and we shot them down like rabbits. At last there was a great pile of their dead and wounded at the end of the street in front of us, and their men had to clamber up over it to get at us." Then came the tragically glorious retreat from Mons to the Marne, in which the Dorsets showed their magnificent powers of endurance, and while men of other battalions yielded to the temptation of making incursions into orchards on the way, not a Dorset, it is said, quitted the column *en route*. An officer, writing home on September 5th, said that the regiment "had fought two great battles and did well in both,

although we had to do the hardest thing in the world after each, that is to retire. We have done some great marches; forty-two miles in twenty-four hours the other day, each of us carrying fifty pounds of kit."

On August 24th the regiment reached Hasmes and Palmage, where Lieutenant Margetts won the D.S.O. by his bold dash to engage the Germans, who were ambushing the first line transports, thus giving time for the train to wheel about and escape. Still moving southwards, the Dorsets turned for a moment at Solesmes and checked the enemy with their bayonets. Then, when at last the tide was turned and the Germans were flung back from the Marne to the Aisne, the regiment was for a time at Missy, a very hot quarter, and after ten days in trenches on the river, was entrained and brought round to the north in the effort to envelop the German right, which swiftly led to the establishment of the long parallel line of trenches right up to the Belgian coast. The place of the Dorsets in the firing line was between Arras and Lille.

In the attempt by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, commanding the 2nd Army Corps, to wheel to the right, pivoting on Givenchy, in order to get astride the La Bassée-Lille road and threaten the German positions south of La Bassée, the Dorsets made a name for themselves between October 12th and 15th. The country was difficult and disheartening for resistance and attack—a maze of muddy dykes. On October 13th the struggle raged with ungovernable ferocity among the villages and marshy fields. The Dorsets' trenches were rushed, and Colonel Bots, who was wounded and left behind, narrowly escaped capture. But meantime Major Saunders, who exposed himself time after time with superb coolness, brought up supports from the reserve, and the lost trenches—and in them their colonel—were recovered. General Smith-Dorrien, as Sir John French reported, "particularly mentions the fine fighting of the Dorsets; they suffered no fewer than 400 casualties, 130 of them being killed, but maintained all day their hold on Pont Fixe." Sir John added that he had "followed the Dorsets closely throughout the campaign and greatly appreciated their splendid work and gallant conduct," and he specially praised their stubborn fight against overwhelming odds at Givenchy.

Throughout the discomforts and hardships of the long winter the Dorsets bore their part manfully, and when the spring came they had their share in the glory and the sufferings of Neuve Chapelle and the renewal of the epic struggles which have raged round the salient of Ypres. Two Dorset officers, Captain H. C. C. Batten and Lieutenant Butcher, were among the first victims of the Germans' poison gas.

The 2nd Battalion was in India at the outbreak of war, and was sent to the Persian Gulf, where it has fought with conspicuous courage, and suffered severe losses. Very little news has found its way to England about this far-off campaign; but we learn from the *Gazette* of four non-commissioned officers and men winning the Distinguished Conduct Medal in one day, November 17th, "for acts of gallantry and devotion to duty" at Sahil. In the spring an important victory at Shaiba was dearly bought by the losses of the Dorsets. Here Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Louis Rosher, who had been thirty years in the regiment, was killed on April 14th. Lieutenants Cushny and Reid were killed at the same time. Lieutenant-Colonel Clarkson, his successor in the command, was wounded, and also Major Hope and five other officers. "The Dorsets were splendid," wrote an officer belonging to another regiment in a letter home.

But of all the daring exploits performed by Dorsetshire men hitherto recorded, none has moved England more deeply than that of the daring aviator, William Barnard

Rhodes Rhodes-Moorhouse, whose splendid and lonely exploit was first described by the official Eye-witness without mentioning his name. William Rhodes-Moorhouse, the elder son of Mr. Edward Moorhouse of Parnham, was well known before the war as the only aviator who had flown across the Channel with two passengers. On April 26th the important railway junction at Courtrai was successfully bombed by him, though in doing so he offered an easy target to the enemy, for he boldly glided down to a height of only 300ft. In this fire he was severely wounded in the thigh, and might doubtless have saved his life by descending in the German lines. But his one thought was to preserve his machine at all costs, and so he descended still further—to a height of only 100ft.—in order to gather speed. Before he could reach the British lines he was hit again, this time mortally. Even so, instead of landing at Ypres at the nearest of our aerodromes, he flew the whole way back to the flying ground at Merville, where he executed a perfect



J. Weston and Son. Copyright.
LIEUTENANT RHODES-MOORHOUSE.
The hero of a "splendid and lonely exploit."

landing and reported. He died of wounds twenty-four hours afterwards, a hero who added an act of the greatest valour to the fast-filling annals of the airman.

Among the losses of Dorset men in other regiments should be mentioned Captain J. H. Strode Batten of the King's Liverpool Regiment, son of Colonel Mount Batten of Up Cerne, Lord Lieutenant for the county and chairman of the county Territorial Association. Captain Batten went out with the Expeditionary Force, was mentioned in despatches, and on a particular occasion his brigadier says, "quite regardless of himself, encouraged and steadied the men on the right of his battalion, and of the brigade when very heavily attacked, and when the situation was at the time critical. It was owing to his very gallant conduct on that occasion that his portion of the line held its own. He died a noble death." Major Arthur Hughes-Onslow, late of the 10th Hussars, who died in France early in August, was a brother of Major Denzil Hughes-Onslow of Colliton House, Dorchester, who holds a commission in the 5th (Second Service) Battalion of the county regiment; Captain A. C. Saunders of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel Saunders of Alton Pancras, fell at St. Eloi in March; Captain Marwood Edwards Yeatman of Holwell Manor, who fell in September, was in the South Wales Borderers. Mr. Philip Featherstonehaugh-Frampton of Moreton, whose father and

grandfather served in the Dorset Yeomanry, fell in action near Ypres on May 3rd, and also at Ypres fell Captain Damer Wynyard, 1st Battalion East Surrey Regiment, only son of Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Damer Wynyard, of Dorchester.

As in Wiltshire, so in Dorset—noblesse oblige. Lord Shaftesbury is Brigadier-General Commanding the 1st South-western Mounted Brigade (Territorials); Lord Stalbridge, Master of the South and West Wilts Hounds, who served in South Africa, is serving with the Reserves; Lord Wynford is in the Dorset Yeomanry; and Lord Wolverton, who also served in South Africa, holds a major's commission in the North Somerset Yeomanry. At least two members of the Portman family are serving, and three of the Guest. The Hon. G. B. Portman holds a captain's commission in the 11th Reserve Regiment of Cavalry, and the Hon. H. B. Portman is a major in the Territorial Force Reserve. The Hon. F. E. Guest is extra aide-de-camp on Sir John French's Staff; the Hon. O. M. Guest is in the Flying Corps; and the Hon. C. H. C. Guest is on the General Staff. Lord Alington's son, the Hon. G. P. Sturt, is a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, and Lord Digby's son, the Hon. Edward K. Digby, is in the same regiment.

The Dorsetshire Yeomanry is officered almost entirely by men of Dorsetshire birth and connection. Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. Troyte-Bullock is in command, and among the officers are Lieutenant-Colonel Batley, Majors Castleman, J. B. H. Goodden, Lord Wynford and Sir Randolph Baker; Mr. Reginald Henning, Mr. F. J. B. Digby-Wingfield-Digby of Sherborne Castle, Mr. A. D. Pass, Mr. Gundry, Mr. Angus Hambro of Milton Abbey, the Hon. D. Dawson-Damer (whose Damer ancestors were so long connected with Milton), Mr. O. Bragge, Sir Thomas Lees of South Lytchett Manor, and his brother, Mr. Bernard Lees.

It would take far too much space to attempt a complete roll of service. But some families stand out prominently. For example, four of the Bowers of Fontmell Parva are serving—Major Claud Bower at the front and Mr. Henry G. S. Bower in a service battalion of the Manchester Regiment. Of the latter's three sons, the eldest, Mr. Raymond Bower, was killed in a gallant attempt to save a wounded soldier; the second is with the Lincolnshire Regiment. Of the Parkes of Henbury House, Lieutenant-Colonel Parke is in command of the 7th Hampshire Territorials, now at Meerut; one son, Mr. Evelyn Parke, lieutenant in the Durham Light Infantry, was killed near Hazebrouck in October when in charge of a machine-gun, while his brother, Mr. Aubrey Parke, who enlisted as a private in the 5th Dorsets, now holds a commission in the 10th Durham Light Infantry. The Radclyffes can also show a good record. Major C. E. R. Radclyffe, of the 1st Life Guards (Reserve), is doing remount work; his brother, Mr. Montague Frederick Radclyffe, has been with his regiment, the 4th Hussars, since the outbreak of the war; Mr. Ralph Arthur Radclyffe is with the Special Reserve of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and Mr. Charles Percy F. Radclyffe holds a captain's commission in the 3rd Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders. Mrs. C. Wingfield Digby of Wynford House has two sons serving; but Mr. Alfred Pope of Wrackeford House and South Court has no fewer than nine sons in various regiments. Major Ralph Pope of the 4th Dorsets is in charge of the dépôt at Dorchester, and Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Pope is in command of the 12th Battalion of the South Wales Borderers. Of the Lane family of Buxton and Poxwell, Mr. Ernest Frederick Lane is attached as staff captain to Major-General Smuts, in the campaign in German South-West Africa; Mr. Charles Reginald Cambridge Lane, of the 10th Lancers, is on the staff of Brigadier-General H. P. Leader, at the headquarters of the 2nd Indian Cavalry Brigade, in France; Mr. Herbert Arthur Cambridge Lane is a lieutenant on H.M.S. Leviathan; Mr. Walter George Cambridge Lane is serving in the Cyclist Corps of the 17th Division of the New Army; and Mr. Marwood Elton Lane, son of the late Major-General Charles Powlett Lane, of Glendon, is in the Royal Flying Corps.

Colonel Pinney of Racedown is in command of a brigade at the front; Major Henning is serving in the 9th Battalion of the Cameronians. His brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Henning of the Royal Field Artillery, went out with the Expeditionary Force, and was wounded at Le Cateau. Mr. Edward Kindersley-Porcher of Clyffe, who helped to raise the first rifle volunteer corps in Dorchester about sixty years ago, has two sons serving—Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. W. Kindersley-Porcher, late of the Coldstream Guards, who is now commanding the Church Lads' Brigade Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, and Major H. K. Kindersley-Porcher, who is with the yeomanry.

Mr. Hamilton Fletcher of Leweston Manor has two sons serving; the elder, who was in the Grenadiers, has been reported wounded and missing since January, at Cquinchy, and the younger is a second lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery. Lieutenant E. M. Mansell-Pleydell of Whatcombe was killed at Neuve Chapelle, and his younger brother, who succeeded to the estate, has been wounded in action.

And so the list might be far extended. But these names will suffice to show that Dorsetshire and Wiltshire are behind none of their neighbours in patriotic service, and that the old spirit of chivalry flames nowhere more brightly than in these pleasant counties of the South-West. Duty is wide awake in England's "Sleepy Hollows."

M. J.

What the Country Gentleman of Wilts and Dorset has done for the war will be continued in issue of the 17th.

THE ROYAL SHOW AT NOTTINGHAM.

If there was any disappointment at Nottingham, it was that the great Midland town should have been denied an opportunity of showing what it could do under normal circumstances. The statement was freely made that but for the war something like a record would have been established, and the appearance of the show yard each day went far to justify the remark. Wollaton Park, where the exhibition was held, is a very large space and a huge crowd melts away in it very easily, so that there never was much appearance of an abnormal crush, and yet the number of visitors exceeded all expectations. They were, too, in an extremely good humour with themselves and the world. Having come to attend the show, they evidently made up their minds not to go about with funeral faces, but to make the best of the opportunity—this was the impression one received on entering the town. Nottingham has apparently not suffered from depression since the beginning of the war, and presented a very gay and prosperous appearance. True, there was no bunting up, but that was only a sign that the loyal inhabitants did not wish to decorate the town against the wishes of the King.

His Majesty, although a large exhibitor, did not pay his usual visit to the Royal, and hence gave his subjects to understand that though he countenanced the meeting as an opportunity for displaying pedigree stock, he discountenanced it as a social function. In this he acted with his customary discretion; and in opening the show on Tuesday morning the Duke of Portland gave an indication that he was going on the same line by his abstention from speech making. He was evidently glad to open the show without formality. These, however, were the only signs that things were not as usual. Nottingham stands in the centre of an immense population, and it was very evident that numbers were glad to take advantage of the cheaper entry that began on Thursday afternoon. Due preparations were made to entertain the spectators. At first it had been decreed that the lighter contests and performances should not be permitted, but better counsels prevailed, and the usual jumping and other contests of a similar kind were witnessed. On Tuesday the judging began punctually, and, although interrupted by rain about one o'clock in the afternoon, was got through wonderfully well. As usual at meetings of the Royal, the place of honour was given to the Shire horse, and it may be useful to summarise the results arrived at. Mr. John Rowell secured the first prize for the best stallion with Bury King's Champion, which was eventually awarded the gold medal for the best stallion in the show. Mr. R. E. Muntz was runner-up with King's Warrior. The gold medal for the best mare or filly was won by Sir Arthur Nicholson's Roycroft Forest Queen, with Mr. J. G. Williams' Halstead Duchess runner-up. The class awards were as follows:—Stallion, foaled in 1914—First, A. H. Clark; second, F. Farnsworth and Sons. Stallion, foaled in 1913—First, John Rowell; second, Alfred Norbury. Stallion, foaled in 1912—First, F. E. Muntz; second, Denby Collins. Filly, foaled in 1914—First, J. Happleby; second, J. G. Williams. Filly, foaled in 1913—First, Edgcote Shorthorn Company; second, R. L. Mond. Filly, foaled in 1912—First, Sir A. Nicholson; second, Edgcote Shorthorn Company. Mare, foaled in or after 1911 (with foal at foot)—First, W. and H. Whiteley; second, Edgcote Shorthorn Company. Mare, foaled in or before 1910 (with foal at foot)—First, J. G. Williams; second, the Earl of Harrington. Colt foal, produce of mare in Class 7 or 8—First, Egerton Orme; second, Sir Walpole Greenwell. Filly

foal, produce of mare in Class 7 or 8—First and reserve, J. G. Williams; second, R. L. Mond. Gelding (by registered sire), foaled in or before 1912—First and third, Liverpool Corporation; second, Peter Walker and Son; reserve, R. C. Cooper.

No one who watched the parade of heavy horses later felt inclined to question the verdict of the judges. The show attracted a very fine lot of Clydesdales, and it seemed to us a great deal of praise was given to this breed at the expense of the Shires. The clean leg appeals to the country mind. Mr. William Dunlop scored very freely, winning the championship with Dumure Kaleidoscope, and he was also runner-up with Dumure Birkenhead. The other awards were as follows: Champion prize for the best mare—Andrew Brook's Lady Betty; reserve, W. Dunlop's Dumure Chosen. Stallion, foaled in 1914—First and second, W. Dunlop. Stallion, foaled in 1915—First and second, W. Dunlop. Stallion, foaled in 1912—First, Robert Brydon; second, W. Dunlop. Filly, foaled in 1914—First, James Fleming; second, W. Dunlop. Filly, foaled in 1913—First, James Kilpatrick; second, W. Dunlop. Filly, foaled in 1912—First, Andrew Brooks; second, Robert Park. Mare (with foal at foot)—First and second, W. Dunlop. Foal, produce of mare in Class 18—First and second, W. Dunlop. Gelding (by registered sire), foaled in or before 1912—First, William Kerr; second, Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society.

The Suffolks were a very good lot indeed. The Coronation Challenge Cup for the best stallion was won by Mr. Arthur T. Pratt with Morston Friday, and he had a second in Morston Laddie. The following are the class awards: Stallion, foaled in 1914—First, K. M. Clark; second, R. J. Catchpole. Stallion, foaled in 1913—First and reserve, A. T. Pratt; Stallion, foaled in 1912—First, A. T. Pratt; second, K. M. Clark. Filly, foaled in 1914—First and second, K. M. Clark. Filly, foaled in 1913—First and second, K. M. Clark. Filly, foaled in 1912—First, K. M. Clark. Mare (with foal at foot)—First, E. S. Catchpole; second, K. M. Clark. Foal, produce of mare in Class 27—First, E. S. Catchpole; second, K. M. Clark.

A very strong lot of hunters faced the judge, and it would be hard to find two better than Lord Middleton's Modwener and Sir Merrik Burrell's Lovey Mary. The other awards were as follows: Champion Gold Medal for the best filly—Captain Clive Behrens' Larkspur; reserve, Captain Clive Behrens' Silvia.

Mr. J. W. Lett had it all his own way with the Cleveland, and was first in both classes. In hackneys the best was found in Mr. Walter Briggs's King Augustus, with Mr. H. P. Brandt's Axholme Commander as runner-up. Gold Medal for the best mare or filly, Mr. Henrichsen's Lady Beckingham.

The hackney ponies formed a very pretty class indeed, and so did the Shetland and Welsh ponies.

Coming out so late after the Show, as was unavoidable, there would be little profit in going over the different breeds of cattle and enumerating the prize-winners. Generally speaking, although the numbers showed a slight falling off, the quality was even better than we are accustomed to at the Royal, and the show turned out a far greater success than the most optimistic had anticipated. The attendance at Wollaton Park during the five days of the show made up a total of 103,883. This exceeded the attendance at Shrewsbury last year, at Doncaster in 1912, and at Gloucester in 1909. There were 33,000 visitors on Saturday. This attendance is wonderfully good under the circumstances. Not only did the war keep many away who would otherwise have been there, but the railway companies were unable to offer any of the usual facilities for cheap travelling. The practical usefulness of holding the exhibition at this time lay chiefly in the stimulus it gave to the breeding of livestock. It is generally recognised now that the majority of our correspondents were right several months ago when they declared that the agricultural difficulty of the future would lie more in the provision of meat than of bread. Wheat we should always be able to buy abroad as long as our Navy commands the sea, but for meat we are becoming increasingly dependent on the home supply. In the well filled sheds and pens the public had an assurance that Great Britain has at her disposal all the means of providing beasts for slaughter if foreign supplies should fail. The annual show of the Royal has been rightly called a breeding show. The animals on view were, broadly speaking, the best fitted in the country to become the sires and dams of those animals which are kept only for securing a butcher's profit. In that consideration lies the justification of those who supported the holding of the show in spite of the grave circumstances in which the country is placed.

A SEALING TRIP TO THE SCILLIES.—II.

BY DR. FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.



BLINKED HIS BIG EYES IN GREAT SURPRISE.

WE never saw a bull on shore, but your readers will be gratified to learn that, from all we saw, the grey seal, unlike the polygamous fur seal, is a respectable monogamist. We identified the parents of the cub in the big southern bay, but the elder cub in the little bay was a mystery, a kind of chance cub to whom we were not even able to allot a mother, and yet he grew fatter all the time. But he was my favourite, partly because I established a distant friendship and partly because he paid more attention to the gramophone than any of the other seals. The first evening on which I occupied the shed, soon after high water, I saw his outline gradually detach itself from the line of boiling surf a few feet

below and in front of the shed, and as the tide gradually receded he lay for some time half in and half out of the water, drifting to and fro with each eddy of the tide and looking like a drowned sucking-pig.

When he was left by the tide and the enjoyable rocking had come to an end, he gradually jerked his laborious way up to his favourite sleeping place. Twice during the night I illuminated him with the electric torch and found him there alone and fast asleep on his back. As he was still fast asleep when I looked out in the morning, and as the tide was low and he was only about 15ft. from the back door of the shed, I tried the gramophone on him. In previously discussing the experiment we had come to the conclusion that it would



be well to commence softly, so that the music should not burst on them with too startling an effect. But when we actually set it going we found the loudest record almost inaudible above the noise of the surf. I tried him first with "Oh thou that tellest," as played by the Coldstreams. He was then lying fast asleep on his back in the sun, with his flippers closely applied to his aldermanic corporation. He awoke at once and, raising his head and shoulders off the ground like a person sitting up in bed, blinked his big eyes in great surprise; then, as nothing tangible happened, he lay down again with a grunt, but started up again in wild surprise when the cornet took up the theme. He was equally startled when the record came to an end. He was distinctly less alarmed when Madame Dews sang "Oh rest in the Lord," dreamily staring at the shed when he was not grunting and fidgeting as if trying to find the comfortable spot in the rock which his anatomy fitted into when the trouble began. Gounod's "Ave Maria," on what I understood would be his favourite instrument, still found him trying for the comfortable position, and I regret to say that by the time my repertory reached that stirring tune he showed no interest whatever in the distance to Tipperary, but was once more breathing the equable breath of refreshing sleep in the morning sun.

The effects of our music on the old seals were equally inconclusive. At the same time, it would be as unfair to deduce an unmusical ear on this evidence as it would be to condemn a lady whose attention happened to be centred on a soldier approaching her baby with a bayonet instead of being attracted by the strains of a German band. After all, it may be the common seal which is the musical member of the family.

As the shadow of the shed made an ugly triangular patch across his body, I spent the next hour in getting him used to my visible presence. The first time I put my head out at the back door he remained asleep, so I began over again by opening the door with a slam which sufficed to wake him. He lazily opened his eyes, and tried by craning his neck to see what the fresh annoyance was without disarranging his comfortable position; but when my head and shoulders appeared he was genuinely alarmed and partly sat up, but as nothing further happened he grunted and lay down again. At last, after I had taken more and more liberties, he seemed to make up his mind I was harmless, and after grunting a bit and wriggling about he went on with his sleep, while I tested the light and overhauled the camera.

As I had got my feet wet in landing on the previous evening, I elected to go about bare-footed, and can recommend it not only for its noiselessness, but because the barnacles on the rocks form an efficient substitute for mustard, and so prevent one's feet getting cold.

After I had taken several photographs of him asleep I woke him with a discreet cough. After his surprise at finding me so close to him had subsided he proceeded to perform his toilet. First of all he gave himself a thorough stretch, bending his body like a bow so that only the middle

portion was on the ground, the while opening and closing his hind flippers like a fan. I need hardly explain that his hind flippers are his coalesced webbed toes, which look like a tail and play the same part as a fish's tail in swimming, but his real tail is a stumpy little triangular, bear-like appendage. Then he scratched his ribs with first one flipper and then the other in monkey fashion, wiped his face and whiskers with both flippers, rolled over on his side and, opening his mouth, stuck his left flipper in and lay there sucking his thumb.

I was too interested and amused in watching the performance to seize my photographic opportunities, and was then unreasonably disappointed to find that he considered



THE GREY SEAL OBJECTS TO THE CAMERA: NOSTRILS DILATED.



C. J. King.

WITH NOSTRILS CLOSED.

Copyright.

that part of his toilet complete. He now rolled over on his belly, in order, apparently, to dry his wet, greyish-looking back. Sleeping in a damp bed evidently has no terrors for a seal. However, this was evidently not his object, and as he looked uneasily at me, I at last divined that I was in the way, and on stepping aside, he made his way laboriously down to a deep rock pool, into which he slipped for his morning dip.

Once in the water all his helplessness vanished. First of all, he made a complete tour of the pool standing on his head, rooting among the rocks at the bottom as if in search of food; then, with a turn of his hind flippers, he somersaulted upwards and floated lazily for a time with his white belly half out of water. Then he would roll over, stick his head

out of water for a breath, snorting sometimes if the water went down the wrong way. First dilating his nostrils and then closing them so that they only showed as a line, he would gracefully dive again. Anon he would relax his efforts and come floating up entangled in weeds and, as he lay on his side, bite at them playfully. Then he would float prone for a short time, looking at me with his big dark eyes wide open and the water lapping into them. He gambolled about like this for half an hour or so. Occasionally, after lying still, he would pretend a sudden retreat, and churn up the water to show the power of his hind flippers. All the time he was casting his coat, so that there was quite a film of white hairs covering the surface. Perhaps he considered this as making the bath dirty; anyhow, he climbed out and humped his way down to another pool, where for a change he apparently went to sleep at the bottom, being totally submerged on one occasion for over two minutes.

How long the cubs are suckled and when they begin to fend for themselves we did not discover. This particular cub certainly seemed to be looking for food, and it would have been interesting had we been able to introduce some live fish. A limpet I scooped out of its shell and threw to him interested him, for he nosed it and pushed it about, but he did not swallow it. I got the boatman to bring some pilchards with him one morning, but I forgot, I suppose, to specify fresh when I asked him. Anyhow, I gladly took the opportunity of throwing them to two cubs sporting themselves in the sea off Raged Island. I do not know whether the inattention they received can be admitted as evidence against seals possessing a keen sense of smell, but they could easily have found these faded pilchards in the dark had they so desired.

From what I saw of the grey seals they do not rely much upon scent. I only once saw a cub lift its head and sniff, as if in search of tainted air.

Another investigation which never materialised is represented by a baby's feeding bottle, for which I have no further use. I thought it would be interesting if we came across a very young cub to try and gain its affection by giving it a feed of warm milk, as, if successful, it could but have a reassuring effect on the mother to see her cub following me about calling for the bottle. However, on mature consideration the bottle was reserved for some future occasion, partly because, in order not to upset its stomach by giving it something unlike its mother's milk, I found the experiment would involve half a pint of warm sweetened cream, and also because a more extensive knowledge of cubs made me afraid that with any cub older than two hours there would be every chance of the poor little thing hurting itself by biting the bottle in two. Certainly the rate these Illswilisig cubs grew at was surprising. In ten days they quite doubled in size, and daily weighings were suggested, but here again little difficulties led to a postponement.

I believe that Selous satisfied himself that my favourite cub was, after a period of starvation due apparently to desertion, finally suckled by the mother of the new born cub, but am not sure, as, although we stayed at the same hotel for ten days, we saw little of one another, as when he was not on Illswilisig I was. He did far more camping out than I did though, because, just like my luck, the aeroscope broke down and had to be sent to London; but I know that at one

time he believed that the cub had been deserted, as it cried all night in a most distressing fashion. The cry of a young seal is a most characteristic sound, a mournful and penetrating note, half human and half dog-like, which, once heard, is not likely to be forgotten.

A thing I liked about these cubs was the spirit they showed. If you pretended to attack one it would immediately show a bold front, snapping at you and emitting snarls which, with growing excitement, became almost snoring in sound as it dragged itself towards you on its front flippers, in which the thumbs played a prominent part. Occasionally it would lay its head down on its outspread flippers and then spring up painfully to a height of quite 2ft., in a determined attempt to bite. This was true courage of a high order, for as soon as you ceased to tease it it would raise itself as high as possible and look anxiously round in all directions for its mother, and perhaps call for her. With tears streaming from its great eyes, it looked the picture of fear; yet if you again pretended to attack, it would throw itself into the fight again and risk breaking its neck down on the rocks in its efforts to get at you.

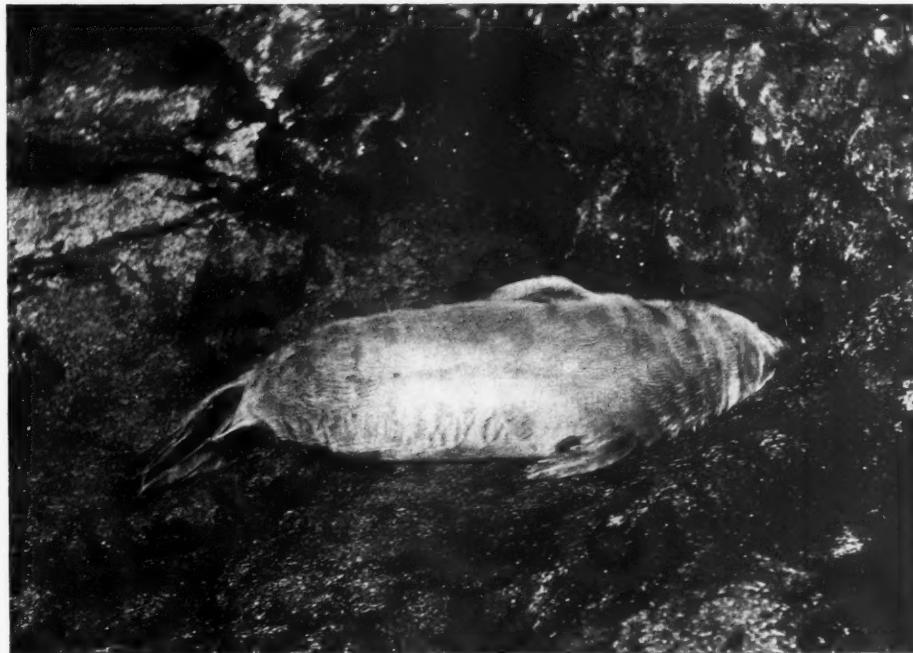
However, unless you are contented to take nothing but attitudes of this kind, I am sure it is a mistake to tease them, as they are intelligent animals and recognise you as a friend or an enemy according to how you behaved the last time you met, as I found to my cost in the case of the cub

we found newly born on October 12th and which Selous reported as having gone for a long swim with its mother on October 15th. On October 19th, while Jack King and I were watching my cub sporting itself in the rock pool as above described, we got word that the youngster was on some seaweed-covered rocks about 150 yds. away, and as the tide

would soon float it off we hurried across to get some photographs of it. It was on a low promontory and was very conspicuous as it lay there with its head raised to watch us. After I had taken one photograph of it lying peacefully, I got Jack to irritate it, and then exposed several plates on it as it fought a series of rearguard actions on its way to the water, a distance of about 5yds. While thus engaged, we found we were being watched from behind by its parents, whose heads were within a few yards of the rocks on the other side of the promontory; but, as I expected, as soon as I tried to get nearer to them by advancing under cover of the rocks, they dived, and reappeared farther away.

A couple of hours later, Selous came to tell us that he had a good place from which he could show us the mother seal suckling this youngster. To the north-west of the island there is a chain of prominent rocks which are separate at high tide. By climbing up behind the last of these still connected with the island, we were able to watch her without being seen by her. She was on a mass of rock now separated by a narrow channel. There she lay on her side, facing us, on a flat rock with a rounded slope down to the water about roft. below her, so that she and her cub had done a good climb in the interval since I had photographed the cub.

Being wet, she was hard to distinguish with the naked eye from the rock behind her; while the cub, being whiter, was conspicuous, but owing to its lying with its tail towards us the foreshortening diminished its apparent size and made it look like a small slug attached to its big mother. Owing



F. Heatherley. THE SECOND CUB FAST ASLEEP BESIDE MY SHED. Copyright.

to the grey of the rocks being somewhat warmer in tone than her blue-grey, she looked more like being carved out of granite than the granite rocks around her; but the statue was living, and we could, through the glasses, see the wrinkled rolls of fat come and go as, with uplifted head, she divided her attention between her cub and uneasy looks in all directions. There was a curiously mixed resemblance in that great carved head which suggested a lioness with a touch of python about it. Occasionally she glanced down at her cub, which was busy with the left or lower of the two nipples which projected from a perfectly flat abdomen below the umbilicus. It was apparently getting to the end of its supply, as it transferred its attention to the right nipple

and then came back to the left. But although concealed from her view, we had evidently been spied by the bull, for at that moment we saw him swimming in haste from the open sea on our left, through the narrow channel towards her, with his great head well out of the water.

We did not hear him call, but just as he came alongside them she gave a cry which from its sound we should have attributed to the cub, only that we saw her utter it, and at the same instant she gave a start which sent her cub rolling down into the sea, as she slipped down with a dive in its wake, and thus all three vanished in the twinkling of an eye.

(To be continued.)

“GRUBBING” AS A “PAYING PROPOSITION.”

LATELY there has come to our notice an experiment which, among its merits, has that of suggesting an occupation for some of that large mass of unskilled labour which is sure to come on the market when the war is over. The scene of the experiment was the farm of Brattles, near Brenchley, in Kent, occupied by Miss E. D. Coats. A considerable area of the farm is devoted to stock and to dairy farming, and accounts are kept in the most methodical manner in every department. It was, perhaps, rather by way of taking up the challenge of those who condemned “grubbing” as an impossibly remunerative process that Miss Coats entered on the business of thus dealing with twelve acres of her ground which was under woodland.

The soil of the land subjected to Miss Coats’ experiments is a sandy loam. A commencement was made as far back as 1911 with the sale of the growing underwood, which realised £84. The timber was similarly sold, as it stood, in the following year, for £362, making a total of £446. The larger trees were oak varying from thirty to one hundred and fifty years in age, with “stools” of chestnut and ash as undergrowth, and occasional pieces of birch and alder. Of course, the sale of the timber and small wood is a matter apart from the actual cost of the grubbing, and its value does not enter into the essential calculations, but the size of the trees on the ground makes a difference to the grubbing cost, because the larger and deeper the roots, the heavier the labour of eradicating them is found to be. It will be seen, from the rough reckoning of the timber as given above, that there were trees of some size and with roots that would need some digging. Where the stumps are very large, the question would naturally arise as to whether it would not be a saving of expense and labour to blow them into fragments by one or other of the kinds of explosives used for the purpose, before beginning manual work upon them, and explosives were used on the larger stumps in the instance we are considering. The actual work of the grubbing was begun in October, 1912, and was done as piece-work, for which the average wage came out at almost exactly £1 a week a man, one acre’s grubbing employing a man about twelve weeks. The first year after clearing, that is to say in 1913, a potato crop was put in, and the year after an oat crop, with the following analysed results :

	£ s. d.
Total cost of grubbing	204 0 0
Cost of potato crop	76 1 0
Cost of oat crop	37 19 0
 Total net cost	 £318 0 0

	£ s. d.
Sold potato crop on the ground for	190 0 0
Value of oat crop (102 quarters at 30s.)	153 0 0
Value of straw (24 tons at £3 per ton)	72 0 0
 Total value of crops	 £415 0 0
Deduct cost	318 0 0

	£ s. d.
Net profit in two years	£97 0 0
(The above are “war prices” for the oats and straw, but taking an average year, with the price of oats at 24s. per quarter and straw at £2 per ton, the net profit would have been £42 8s. for the two years.)	
 In detail the cost of the potato crop grown comes out as follows :	
 CULTIVATION.	

	£ s. d.
Twice drag-harrowing at 3s. per acre each time	3 12 0
Sowing superphosphate of soda at 1s. per acre	0 12 0

	£ s. d.
Ridging up for potato planting (one man and pair of horses four days)	2 8 0
Sowing dung along the ridges at 3s. per acre	1 16 0
Planting potatoes at 2s. per acre	1 4 0
Ridging in potatoes (one man and pair of horses four days)	2 8 0
Chain-harrowing once at 1s. per acre	0 12 0
Rolling once at 1s. 6d. per acre	0 18 0
Ridging up potatoes (one man and pair of horses four days)	2 8 0

	£ s. d.
120 loads of dung at 2s. 6d. per load	15 0 0
Filling and carting same (three men and two horses and carts for six days at 18s. per day)	5 8 0
Seed potatoes (15cwt. per acre)	30 0 0
Superphosphate of soda (33 per cent.) at 5cwt. (almost) per acre	9 15 0
	<hr/>
	£76 1 0

The detailed cost of the oat crop runs :

	£ s. d.
Ploughing at 12s. per acre	7 4 0
Horse-harrowing twice, at 3s. per acre each time	3 12 0
Drilling oats at 1s. 6d. per acre	0 18 0
Harvesting, including cutting, stooking and carrying	12 0 0
Stacking corn at 5s. per acre	3 0 0
5 bushels seed oats per acre, at 30s. per quarter	11 5 0
	<hr/>
Total cost	£37 19 0

(No manures were used at all for this crop.)

	£ s. d.
8½ quarters of oats per acre (weighing 42lb., off the machine, per bushel) at 30s. per quarter	153 0 0
Straw at 2 tons per acre, making 24 tons at £3	72 0 0
	<hr/>

Total value of crop £225 0 0

CROP OF OATS.

	£ s. d.
8½ quarters of oats per acre (weighing 42lb., off the machine, per bushel) at 30s. per quarter	153 0 0
Straw at 2 tons per acre, making 24 tons at £3	72 0 0
	<hr/>

Total value of crop £225 0 0

So much for the results of the first experiment. Encouraged by its success, Miss Coats engaged in similar grubbing operations on a further twelve acres of land, which grew a potato crop this year. “The average cost of the lot,” she writes, “was £14 per acre. I did not this time sell the crop on the ground, but supplied the labour for digging myself, and though this year was so dry, it brought me in cash £177 16s., besides leaving me with two tons of seed potatoes, valued at £6, and several tons of small potatoes which came in very useful for cow feed.” The details run :

	£ s. d.
Cultivation, manures, etc., the same as in 1913	76 1 0
Digging potato crop, including sorting into ware, seed and small feed potatoes, 74½ tons at 8s. 4d.	31 0 10
	<hr/>

Total cost of crop £107 1 10

Cost of grubbing and carting at £14 per acre ... 168 0 0

Total cost of grubbing and crop £275 1 10

	£ s. d.
Sale of 59 tons of ware potatoes at £3 per ton	177 0 0
6½ tons of seed potatoes at £3 per ton	19 10 0
9 tons of small potatoes for feeding	9 0 0

Total value of crop £205 10 0

Cost for the year 275 1 10

Less value of crop 205 10 0

Total out of pocket £69 11 10

The “out of pocket” balance is lighter here than in the first experiment, mainly because of the smaller roots that had to be grubbed.

Perhaps a word should be said about the manner in which the “piece-work” was arranged and estimated.

With regard to this, Miss Coats has been kind enough to write :

RE COST OF GRUBBING WOODLAND.

The cost of grubbing, where the stools of chestnut and ash, with odd pieces of alder and birch, were of an average size in coppices, came out at 1s. 6d. per rod, or £12 per acre, the men trenching from 12in. to 15in. in depth as they went along, and throwing all roots and small lateral pieces to that depth on what was already dug, so that the trench was always open in front of them, which made it possible to see that they were really trenching fairly all the way. When I began grubbing I found that the men scamped their work and pieces were left in, until my bailiff thought of this plan. In the cases where the stools were very old, as was the case in some of the land

grubbed, I had to pay 1s. 8d. per rod, or even for a small piece of the ground, in which there were some very large ones, 1s. 10d. per rod; 1s. 6d. works out at £12 per acre, 1s. 8d. at £13 6s. 8d. and 1s. 10d. at £14 13s. 4d. per acre. In the cases where there were large timber roots to get out I paid 6d., 9d. and 1s. extra per root, and the men blasted them with gunpowder, after digging round them, to enable them to handle the pieces better. With regard to the removal of the roots from the ground, my bailiff made a splendid suggestion for the larger ones that could not be put in carts, and that was, to have an ordinary, strong wooden sledge on very strong runners made. Then chains were put round the roots, and one or two horses, according to the weight of the roots, pulled them on to the sledge and they were drawn away. There was a considerable time spent in this part of the work, which accounts for the somewhat high proportionate cost of the cartage connected with it.

A FEARLESS TERRIER.

BY A. CROXTON SMITH.



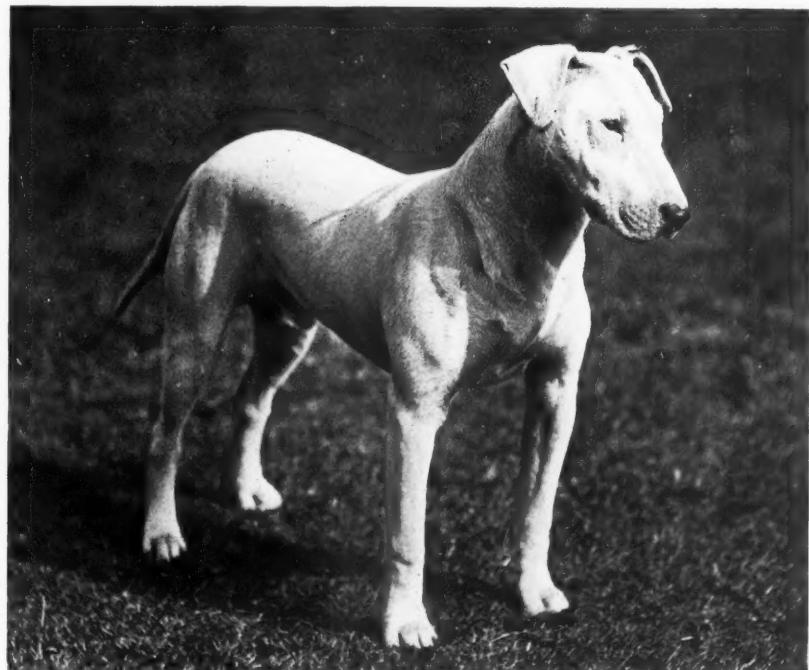
A GROUP OF THE ENNERDALE BULL-TERRIERS.

AMONG punning mottoes none, perhaps, is more familiar to students of heraldry than that of the Onslows, "Festina Lente," which, being translated freely, may be interpreted as "On Slow"; but that of the Bolderos is equally neat, "Audax Ero"—"I will be bold." The thought uppermost in one's mind in writing about the bull-terriers owned by Mrs. Boldero of Ennerdale, Bexhill-on-Sea, is the applicability of this motto to the race of dogs she favours. I would change it into the present tense, however, and make it "Audax Sum." There you have the character of the rascal that, once upon a time known as "the thieves' dog," has since developed into a fearless gentleman, improved in appearance, refined without being made effeminate, and still allowed to retain that excess of courage that made him more suited than any other for the combats of the fighting arena. It has been said that to infuse high courage into any breed a dose of bulldog blood is needful, and one

can imagine what a combination with the dash and alertness of the terrier would mean. Over the earlier uses of the bull-terrier it would be discreet to draw a veil, but no reticence on the part of modern writers can obliterate remembrances of the brutalities of dog fighting, a miscalled sport, which lingered on after bull baiting had been prohibited, and still exists, I believe, in some parts of the civilised world. One can only say to-day that the masters

were worse than their canine accessories; that the men who could make their dogs fight in front of a blazing fire as a further test of their endurance were on a lower level than the animals they owned.

All the blame must not be laid upon the lower orders, for some members of the aristocracy were as keen as the others, and in seeking a cause for this vitiated taste we cannot exonerate the governing classes, who, in failing to provide education and suitable amusements for working men, were largely to blame. Later



T. Fall.

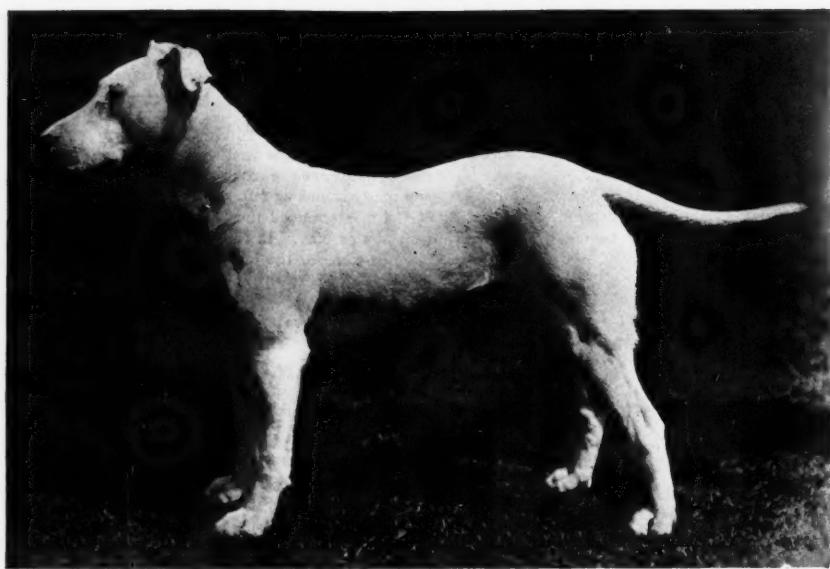
ENNERDALE DUNCAN.

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on, somewhere about the fifties and sixties of the last century, the bull-terrier, thanks to his capacity for tackling vermin of any description, and, perhaps, also on account of his reputation, became the companion of all young bloods of sporting proclivities at the 'Varsities. The show era, which was inaugurated somewhat later, brought about a change in his fortunes, introducing ameliorative influences that have enabled him to live down the unsavoury associations that formerly hung about him. The story of the breed, if crammed with incident, is comparatively brief, its origin, by common consent, dating towards the close of the eighteenth century, the ingredients most used to bring it about being the bulldog and white English terrier, with subsequent dashes of Dalmatian and, in some cases, whippet or greyhound. Just how much of these last three was introduced it is impossible to conjecture, but atavistic tendencies furnish strong evidence of the fact.

I have heard it urged that the brutalising occupation of the dog must have degraded his intelligence while developing his pugnacious qualities, but testimony is all against this assumption, and it is certainly contrary to modern experience. A little consideration will furnish the explanation. Supposing the epithet of "thieves' dog" was at one time justified, we know perfectly well that the light-fingered gentry, whatever their failings, would never keep an animal about them that was lacking in cerebral development. They must have a companion capable of receiving instruction, of understanding readily the duties required of him; from which the inference follows that the bull-terrier of the bad old days was an intelligent creature, wise beyond the generality of his kind, and possessing a mentality stimulated by intercourse with human beings, even though they might have been of a degraded order. Meyrick, writing fifty years ago, said: "For every quality which makes the dog a valued companion to man, the bull-terrier is unsurpassed by any other breed. He will hunt for him, watch his house, and fight for him; he is teachable and intelligent; he is the best tempered companion and the most faithful friend." General Hutchinson, too, tells of one that accompanied an old game-keeper on his rounds, killing all kinds of vermin, including adders. Perpetually hunting, he never noticed game, and he would retrieve whatever he caught. He had a great talent for discovering any two-legged intruder at night, and, on finding one, he would quietly creep up, and then, by running round and round him as if prepared every moment to make a spring, would detain him until joined by the keeper, all the while barking violently and avoiding every blow aimed at him.

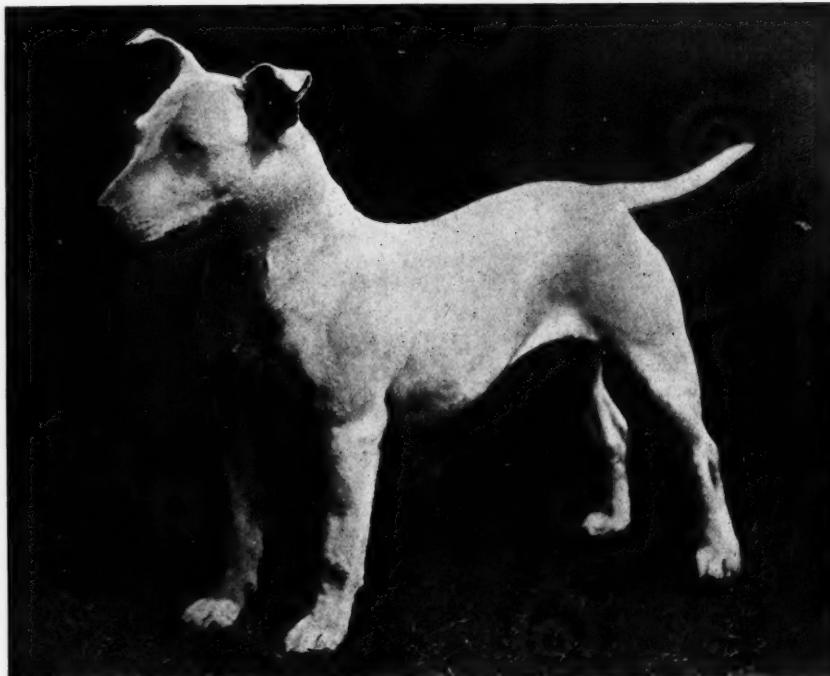
The old sporting instinct survives, as many a man can testify who has had bull-terriers in India. A rajah owned one who killed a hyena in a pit in fair fight, and most Bobbery packs include one whose duty it is to pull down the hunted hyena or jackal. Mrs. Boldero's acquaintance with the breed began some twenty years ago,



ENNERDALE DEFIANCE.



CH. DUCHESS OF LILLINGTON.



T Fall.

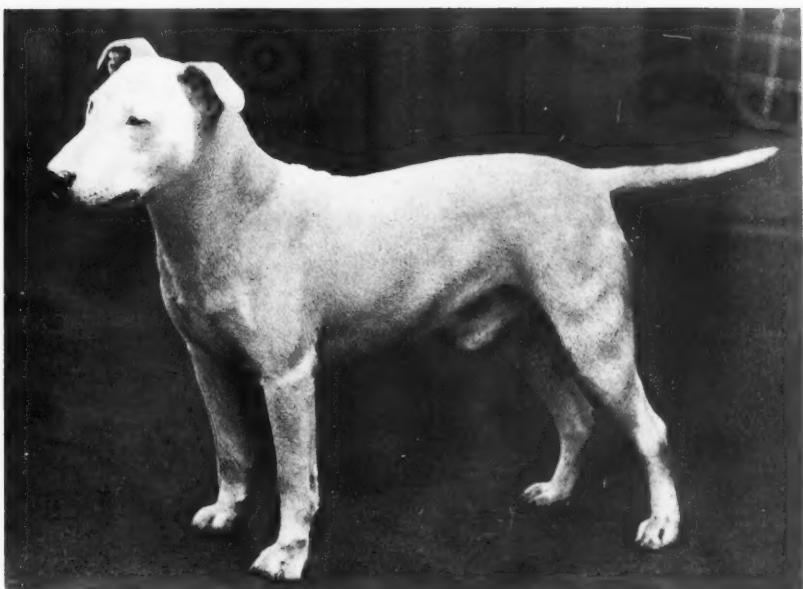
ESTELLE LAVENDER.

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when she kept a brace at the time her husband was stationed on the North-West Frontier, and she was guarded by them as she made the long journey down to a seaport. It was not until two or three years ago, however, that she seriously set about forming an exhibition stud, and in that brief period she has made a distinct impression, a large number of prizes falling to the Ennerdale dogs. Her kennels are constructed upon the most approved plan, with two big double structures and seventeen smaller ones, besides a sick room and nursery quarters. Apart from the endeavour to establish a strain exemplifying all the desirable points of the breed, she attaches much importance to the education of the intelligence, and to this end all are trained to come into the house from the earliest times. The consequence is that most of them can run together without the bickerings that are common when high couraged animals are allowed to be gregarious. The main ideas concentrated upon the upbringing of the Ennerdale dogs seem to be happiness, lots of freedom, healthy kennels and good food. Proud though Mrs. Boldero may be of her show ring successes, she will be prouder still if her prefix becomes synonymous with absolute soundness, so that every one going to a new home will be the means of converting others to a perception of the magnificent qualities of a real good bull-terrier. Vigorous exercise is encouraged at all times, such as playing with a football, jumping the tennis net, etc., so that every inmate is ready to go straight away to a show without preparation of any sort. Go there at any chance time, and you will find the seventeen individuals constituting this happy family in the best of condition, hard and fit. Any detailed enumeration is unnecessary, but I may mention that the principal stud dogs are Ennerdale Dandelion and Lillington Charlwood, the former being the winner of the challenge certificate at the last Birmingham Show. At eight

important shows he has taken five firsts, as many seconds, and four thirds. Lillington Charlwood was awarded the challenge certificate at the People's Palace in 1914, his bag also including seven firsts, fourteen seconds and eight thirds at sixteen shows. The pick of the bitches is Champion Duchess of Lillington, whose quality is of the highest. Estelle Lavender is another whose achievements are familiar to all *habitués* of shows. Of the puppies, pride of place must be assigned to Ennerdale Defiance, reserve champion at Birmingham. Ennerdale Durcan was put above him at the recent Ladies' Kennel Association Show, having previously won two firsts on his only appearance.

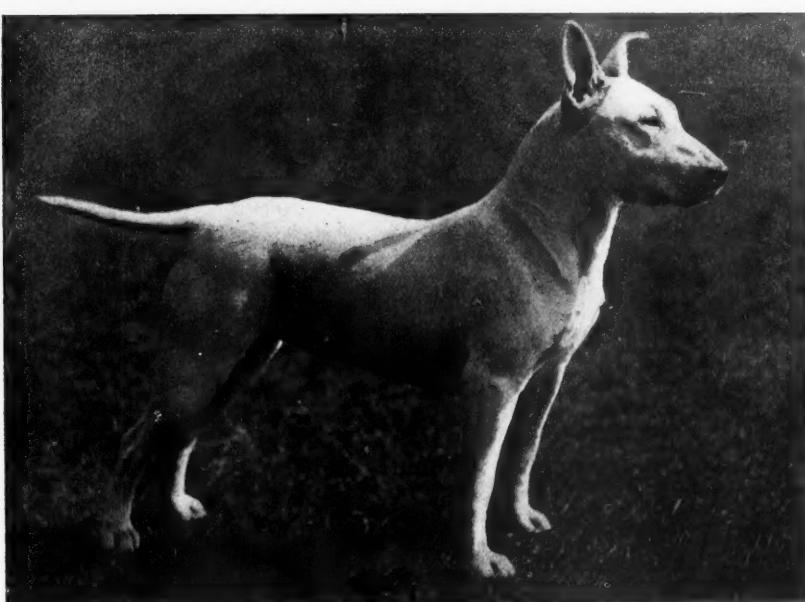
All the omens regarding the breed are distinctly auspicious. The Club, with Lord Athlumney as patron, Mr. C. T. Coggin as president, Mr. P. Beaumont as hon. secretary, and Mr. H. T. W. Bowell as hon. treasurer, is making a strong bid for public favour, the membership roll now exceeding sixty, and we are witnessing a pronounced revival after the set back caused by the anti-cropping edict, now recognised as so wise and beneficial. At first it was looked upon as a death blow, the idea of a bull-terrier with a natural ear being regarded as almost an impossibility. Once again all classes are entering into the pursuit, the working man competing on terms of equality with those more plentifully endowed with the good things of this world. Determined efforts are being made to extirpate a radical defect that has imposed such a disability upon the dog in the past—I mean, of course, the tendency to deafness, common to most pure white animals. The following declaration of honour is imposed upon all members of the Club: "I, the undersigned, a member of the Bull Terrier Club, do undertake not to exhibit for competition a deaf bull terrier; and, furthermore, that I will support the Club in every way practicable to stop the exhibiting of deaf dogs, whether owned by a member or anyone else."



LILLINGTON CHARWOOD.



A HEAD STUDY: DUCHESS OF LILLINGTON.





Of Lord Cromwell's doings in his Lincolnshire home we know little. Just once the contemporary chronicler, William of Worcester, lifts the veil: "In the middle of the month of August, Thomas Neville, son of the Earl of Salisbury, married the niece of Lord Cromwell at Tattershall in Lincolnshire." The Lord Treasurer was childless and his sister's two daughters were his nearest relations and ultimate heirs. Maud, the elder, first married the sixth Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who died in 1452. It was in the next year that her nuptials with the younger brother of Warwick the King Maker took place under her uncle's roof, and as she went home with her husband to Middleham there occurred one of the broils which were soon to develop into the Civil Wars that cost the life of two of her husbands, one of her sister's, and the flower of the English baronage. As the Neville *cortege* got near Middleham it came into collision with the retainers of Thomas Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, and we hear that a "pitched battle ensued." Family and local feuds had for some years been prevalent, and Cromwell was at enmity with some of his Lincolnshire neighbours, of whom one William Tailboys had been sent to the Tower in 1449 for attacking Cromwell with many retainers at the entrance of the Star Chamber.

Tattershall appears to have passed from Lord Cromwell's relatives before the death of his elder niece in 1497. Her third husband was beheaded by the victorious Yorkists at Tewkesbury in 1471, and we hear of Tattershall belonging to Edward IV. Certainly it was in the hands of the Crown in 1487, when Henry VII bestowed it upon his mother. From her it would come to Henry VIII, and he conferred it upon Charles, Duke of Brandon, who had married his sister, Mary, Dowager Queen of France. Failing heirs, it reverted to the Crown and appears to have been granted to the Sidneys, of whom Sir Henry Sidney, of Penshurst fame, was licensed by the Crown to alienate it in 1574 to the first Earl of Lincoln. In 1649 we find his great-grandson, the fourth earl, petitioning Parliament for compensation for damage done during the Civil War to his castle of Tattershall.

On a jamb of the doorway leading from the stair to the third floor lobby may still be read the inscription, "James Gibson, 1642," incised in a fine free hand, and we learn that he was a Horncastle clergyman kept here in durance by the Puritans. If the fourth Earl obtained compensation for damage he probably did not expend it in repair, as the castle became ruinous, and Buck's 1726 engraving shows little that is tenantable beyond the keep. Before that date the property had passed through heiresses to the Fortescues



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1.—THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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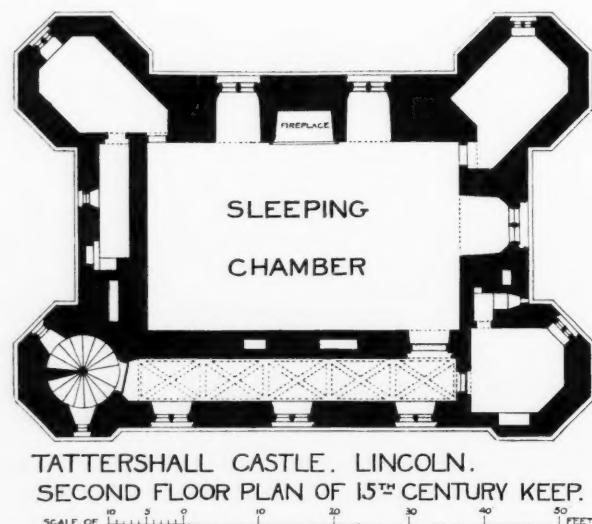
2.—THE KEEP FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.
Showing its junction with the older Castle and the foundations of the kitchens.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Weare Giffard and Castle Hill in Devonshire, and in that family it remained until sold by Earl Fortescue a few years ago. The decay shown by the 1726 engraving no doubt grew more and more pronounced as the eighteenth century ran its course, and with the beginning of the nineteenth worse befell. Whatever remained of the buildings within the circuit of the inner moat, the keep excepted, was pulled down, and the moat itself was filled in. Not even the foundations of the banqueting hall and chapel were left. Mr. Weir relates that during the recent work of excavation traces of two limekilns were found near the inner moat, and he surmises that the whole of the remains of the thirteenth century stone castle were carefully collected to be transformed into lime, the bases of the towers that descended into the moat alone escaping removal. Evil days now came to the keep itself. The roof and the wooden floor beams of the upper great rooms gradually decayed and fell in. The vaulted undercroft and the various chambers in the turrets and wall thickness alone remained covered. Windows, especially on the ground floor, had their tracery injured or destroyed, and cattle roamed at will about Lord Cromwell's brick masterpiece. Nature joined with man in the work of destruction. Lightning struck the north-east turret and travelling along the top of the north wall reached the west elevation. Here it found an attraction in the heavy iron stanchions and cross-bars of the windows and shattered their tracery in its descent. Not even then, however, had the worst happened; for the vandalism of the twentieth century was to exceed that of the nineteenth.

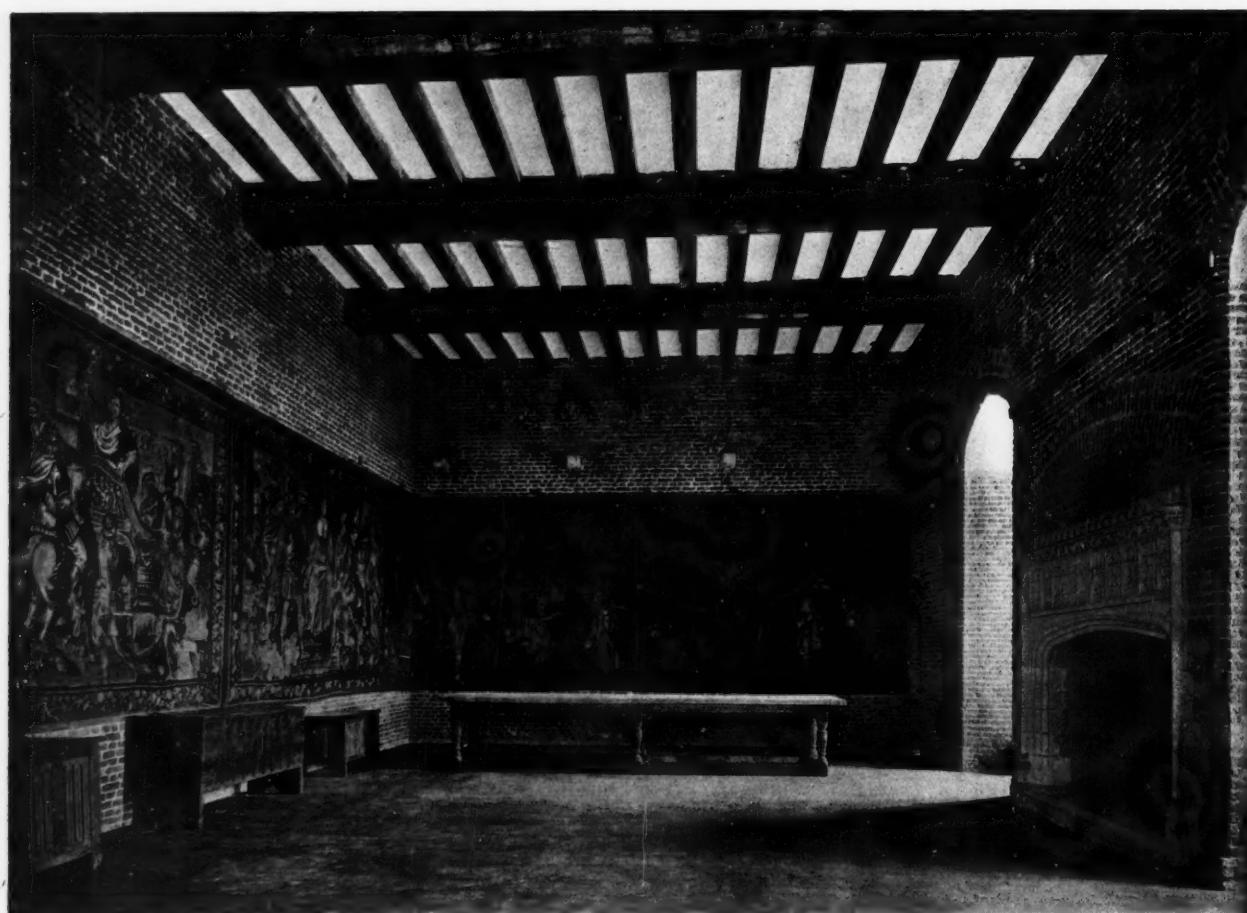
After the estate had passed from the Fortescues, it was held that, valueless as the old keep might be, there probably was money in the chimneypieces; for what better examples dating from the fifteenth century could an American or other millionaire find to insert into his home? In the autumn of 1911 they were sold and ruthlessly torn out, suffering breakage and other hurt in the process. This brought the imminent peril of the keep prominently forward, and the National Trust endeavoured to find means to purchase the building and the fireplaces. In this it failed, but at the last moment Lord Curzon stepped in and did what the nation ought to have done.

Salvage operations began in 1912, and Mr. Weir practically made Tattershall his headquarters in order to ensure complete and continuous supervision. To save and



TATTERSHALL CASTLE, LINCOLN.
SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF 15th CENTURY KEEP.
SCALE OF 10 20 30 40 50 FEET

give enduring value to whatever remained without the removal of any old work or the introduction of any new work beyond what was essential to attain this end, was adopted as his guiding principle, and applied with remarkable judgment and resourceful discrimination. The inner moat has been entirely excavated, and the outer moat also, except at one section, over which irremovable modern farm buildings had been built. On the space between the two moats remains of two of Lord Cromwell's buildings have received attention. The guard-house to the east of the inner moat had been cut up into rooms to accommodate a caretaker. All such partitioning has been removed. The original timber roof of the upper room was found in good preservation, and many other ancient features, such as fireplaces and windows, have been revealed and repaired. West of the inner moat there remained some of the walling of a considerable dwelling. A clue to its original use is afforded by a series of iron rings attached to the outside of the east wall. To them horses might be tethered, and the building was probably inhabited by the master of the horse—an



important functionary when we remember that Lord Cromwell is said by William of Worcester to have been accompanied by 120 horsemen when he rode up to London from his Lincolnshire home. Of this building much too little remained to justify its renovation as a dwelling, but such walls as were standing have been carefully repaired. The south gable was almost intact, and had one window untouched and two with partly broken tracery. Through the chimney-breast a rough opening to admit cattle had been hacked out. This has been refilled and the fire-arch rebuilt. The missing mullions of the windows have been replaced in order to support the tracery which has been repaired. The same course has been pursued with regard to the windows of the keep. On the ground floor one or two had been broken through for farm purposes. Others higher up had lost portions of tracery, while we have already seen how the stonework of those on the west front had been broken by lightning. Of these, however, no part had actually fallen out, so all could be taken out and replaced with strengthening composition having shellac as its basis. The method adopted by Mr. Weir in his repair of all the stonework was as follows :

If entire stones, as of mullions, were wanting, he introduced new ones. If existing stones were broken, as of portions of a window frame, head or tracery, then pieces of tile were firmly fixed into the breach as reinforcement, and the original contour completed in lime mortar.

But no old stonework was cut away, and the making-up process was only resorted to when an important contour or an eye-catching feature called for it. By such means survival of what is decaying is assured with the least possible diminution of old substance and surface and the most agreeable approximation to the essential lines and forms as originally designed is obtained. Sounder principles cannot be, and, with the eye of our craftsmen re-educated to the sense of form and harmony which it has lost, their practical application might become general in the repair of even the humblest old building, where the expense of skilled professional advice and supervision cannot be incurred.

Tattershall as treated by Mr. Weir is an educational monument of the utmost value, and if advantage of it is taken, Lord Curzon will have a happy feeling that he is rewarded for the effort and the sacrifice he has made to save the place and restore to it the flavour of late mediævalism. How well this has been done the illustrations show, but some further description of interior features seems called for. It is thought that the ground floor apartment was a sort of common room of the household. The vaults to its windows are of plain brickwork. It did not open on to the stairway, but into the covered space between the keep and the banqueting hall of earlier date, and into the same covered way the stair



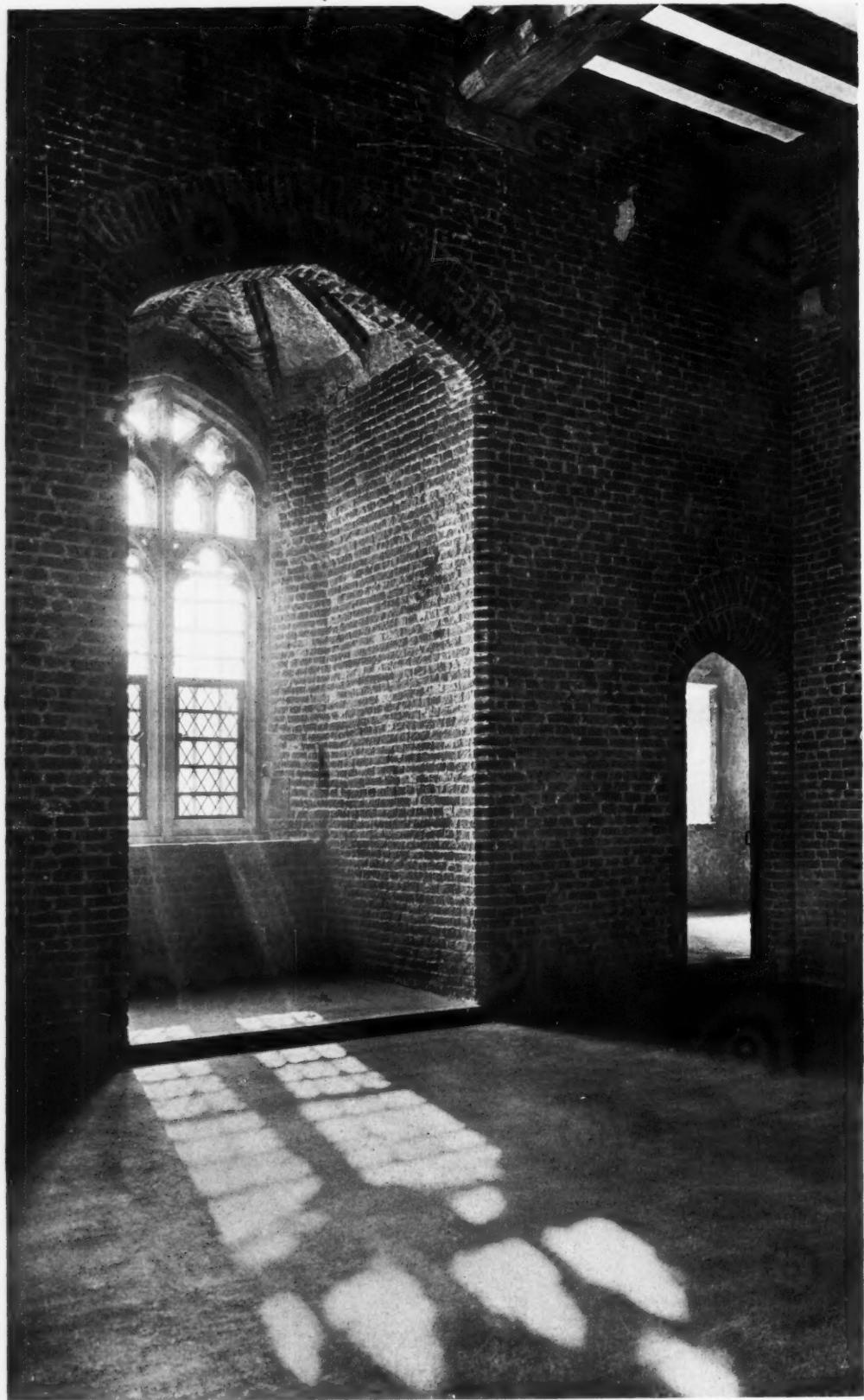
descended from the upper floors, of which there are three. In 1912 the whole was open to the sky, but there was evidence that the floor joists had been supported by huge oaken beams, while the floor surface itself had been of plaster. Seasoned English oak that would yield beams of length and girth to exactly replace what was lost took some finding, but was

was constructed in a somewhat similar manner, the top covering being asphalt. The effect is as of yore, though where modern method and material were of practical advantage they were not spurned.

The covered gallery and upper walk running round the roof was replaced. There was, unfortunately, nothing to

show what was the exact detail of the original arcading of the inner side, but on the outer side both the trefoil-headed openings of the gallery and the crenellation of the upper walk remained—many of the missing coping stones of the latter being found in digging out the moat—and it was rightly decided to give completeness to this especially fine example of elaborate English machicolation by replacing the missing parts. On the east side the arcading is interrupted by the great chimney stack (Fig. 8) that serves three of the fireplaces below. The upper part of the shafts had gone, but a portion of one of the stone caps was found in the moat. It was re-used and also served as a model for the rest. The newel stair continues up to the main roof. There it stops, the turret space rising up into a dome. But in the thickness of the wall, narrow steps wind up to the turret roof. For this the wall was just too thin and hence each stone tread comes through to the interior and forms an outstanding corbel on which is built up the slightly projecting inner wall of the winding way.

Another ingenious variation of the inner wall face of the stair turret was contrived for the convenience of the inset stone handrail which appears in one of last week's illustrations. The handrail has a roll moulding 4 in. in diameter and a hollow above and behind it, so that the hand can run freely along. But in order that the hand may easily grasp



Copyright.

5.—A VAULTED WINDOW RECESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

at length obtained. The beams were set in the wall cavities of their predecessors, and joists were dovetailed into mortices cut on the upper edges. On the joists were then laid thin slabs of fibrous plaster. This was covered with 2 in. of cement concrete, reinforced with expanded metal, and on the top was spread plaster similar to the original finish, of which portions existed in the corridors and the turrets. The roof

the roll without hitting the wall above it, this part of the wall is set 1 1/2 in. back from the face of the part below the rail. Mediaeval builders were clever contrivers and often gained valuable little effects by the introduction of subsidiary features needed for convenience.

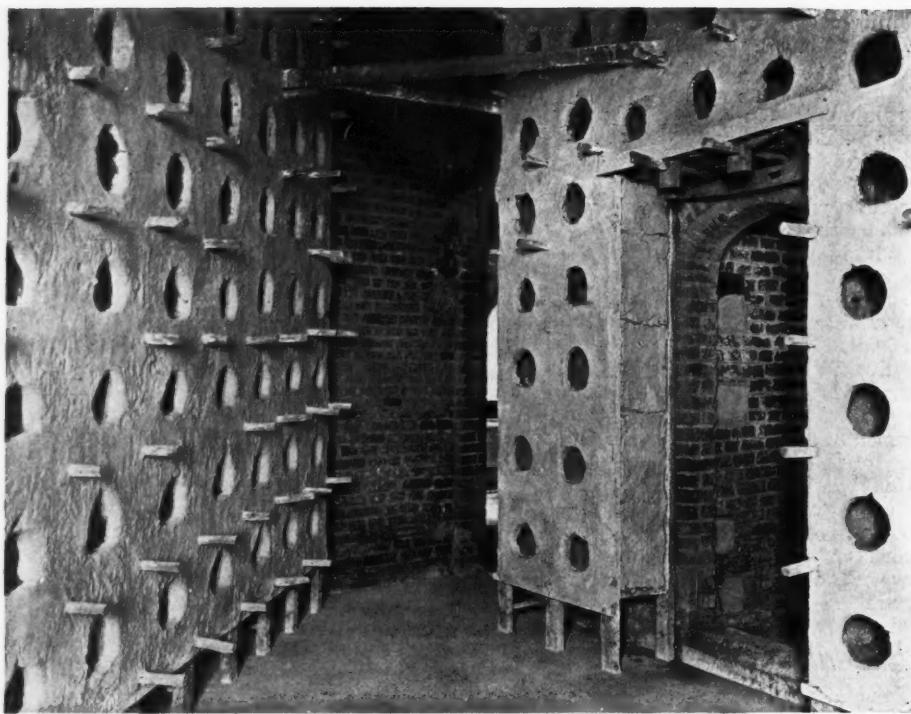
On the first floor the stairway opens into a lobby having one doorway facing into a narrow chamber in the wall

thickness and one to the left into the large room called the audience chamber. Its mantelpiece was described and illustrated last week, but again appears (Figs. 1 and 4) as a feature of the room. All the chimneypieces had been injured by their removal in 1911. This had been clumsily done, any stones of the jambs that returned far into the wall for bonding purposes were broken off short to save trouble, and any existing fractures were intensified. On reaching London the pieces had been roughly set up and secured with iron cramps let into the stones from the back. Then the whole front was smeared over with cement wash to hide the cracks. For instance, the arched head of the audience chamber example—originally of two stones jointed together at the centre—was found to be in five pieces. They were taken apart when they returned to the castle, were properly reset with copper cramps, and with infinite trouble and patience the cement was removed so that the original tone and texture of the stone was once more revealed. Except on the ground floor—to which cattle long had access, and caused some breakage and defacement—the carvings in the Ancaster stone are nearly as sharp as when executed. No attempt has been made to renew missing portions, except to the moulding of the fire-arch. Where this was badly chipped it gave a ragged line very displeasing to the eye. Indeed, on the second floor, there was a positive breach in the centre of the arch. Here, for strength as well as for appearance, the missing portion has been replaced in concrete moulded in position, bonded into the stone with tile dowels and finished off with stone-dust and lime to bring it into colour harmony with the original work. This fireplace is not, like the others, in the east wall, but between the two west windows (Fig. 3 and plan). The room has no south window. In fact, only the ground floor room is lit both south and north, as above, at one end or the other, a long, well lit guard-robe, entered from one of the turret rooms, is placed in the wall thickness. This is to the north on the first and third floors, but to the south on the second floor, where—after the Commonwealth period and the abandonment of the castle as a residence—both it and the turret room from which it opened were fitted as a pigeon cote, the nests being built up of deal framing filled in with “daub,” composed like Devonshire cottage walls of clay and chopped straw. In the turret room this arrangement has been preserved (Fig. 7). The main room, held to have been Lord Cromwell's chamber, is approached from the stairway along a vaulted corridor (Fig. 6) in the thickness of the east wall, lit by three windows. The vault has ribs of moulded brick with heraldic enrichments in stone. This form of decoration, but with plaster for material, is even more elaborately carried out on the third floor, where the richly traceried mouldings of the west window recesses of the large room or “Ladies' Bower” are as noticeable as the vaulting of the lobby (illustrated last week) which gives access to the room.

Except on the second floor, there has been as yet no attempt to fit and furnish the renovated rooms of the keep. The brick walls have merely been cleaned down, and there is no trace of their having been covered or decorated, except with the tapestry of which old inventories show that many noble sets were owned by wealthy men of Ralph Cromwell's age. To hang these up, blocks of wood had been built into the walls at intervals round the room about twelve feet from the floor. These would support a continuous board set with hooks, and the original arrangement has been renewed in Lord Cromwell's chamber (Fig. 3), where, besides tapestry, several late Gothic chests and a table dated 1586 have been placed. Above the tapestry on the south or windowless side four stone corbels appear. These likewise occur on the north wall of the rooms above and below, and Mr. Weir thinks they may have held up a bearer for a canopy running across the width of the room at the “dais” end—that is, the end furthest from the entrance door, which, in the chamber, is contrived, by means of the corridor, at the north end. Much thought was evidently spent by Lord Cromwell in planning the keep. It is full of careful detail, intended to make it, at every point, consort with the latest ideas of convenience and



6.—THE VAULTED CORRIDOR ON THE SECOND FLOOR.



7.—TURRET-ROOM CONVERTED INTO A PIGEON-COTE, PROBABLY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



Copyright. 8.—CHIMNEY-STACK AND STAIR TURRET FROM THE ROOF. "C.L."

dignity as they were understood by a liberal-minded magnate of Henry VI's time. To have preserved so interesting a monument of the past, and to have given back to it its original form and significance in a manner at once loving and learned, is an achievement of which Lord Curzon, and those who have assisted him in the task, may well be proud. Already arrangements have been made for the admission of the public, and there is every prospect of the castle ultimately becoming the property of the country. During his lifetime, Lord Curzon retains in his own hands the entire responsibility for its custody and maintenance. But it is understood that he proposes to bequeath it to the nation. Such a generous and public-spirited course earns the hearty thanks of all who have even the least antiquarian leanings, since it implies the security and permanence of this splendid architectural treasure.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE STORY OF PERSIA.

THE romantic and unhappy land of Persia, which even in its present state of corruption and decay claims the attention of all students of the East, and which in the days of its prime was the heart of the proudest Empire the world had ever seen, has found a chronicler worthy of its greatness. This is Lieutenant-Colonel P. M. Sykes, the author of "A History of Persia." (Macmillan.) Few countries can offer to the imagination such a profusion of stirring thoughts, such a variety of social and political studies, or so many historic phases of so varied a character and extending over so long a period of time. The history of such a land cannot be constrained to a record of the internal affairs of the area now known as Persia. The influence of Persia on Asia has been forcible and far-reaching; therefore the record of its past is more than Persian history. The present-day boundaries of Iran do not contain the mysterious lands of Sumer and Akkad; Elam—"the home of the earliest civilisation of Persia"—is but a strip along one frontier; Arabia is not thought of in connection with Persia, Macedonia is far away. To introduce such apparently divergent themes as these may seem unnecessary, but the author has realised "the continuity of history," and thereby added enormously to the value and the completeness of his work. The legendary beginnings—lost in the dim haze of time—the fascinating story of the birth of the earliest civilisations in lower Mesopotamia, the splendid days of Assyria and Babylon, the Persian Empire at its zenith under Cambyses and Darius, the struggles with Greek, Hun and Arab, and the confused period of slow decadence—all find their legitimate place in this ambitious work. The whole forms a fine study in

the interpretation of history. The author goes a great deal further than merely laboriously recording a string of historical facts. He fulfils the function of a historian of the higher type; that is to say, he analyses causes and effects, takes stock of the character of the people involved, and has regard to the influences of environment. The result is that these volumes form a comprehensive summary of the whole history of those parts of Western Asia with which Persia had dealings at different periods. The author handles this big subject in a very discreet manner. There is no superfluity of detail. The material is arranged judiciously; it is easy to refer to any one period and to follow contemporary events in surrounding countries. There are innumerable illustrations of an exceptionally instructive nature, well chosen so as to illustrate physical features, historical events, prominent figures in Persian annals, antiquities, architecture and art of the various periods. These go far to give one a feeling

of familiarity with the personal character of the hitherto almost mythical nature of the great kings, and also to bring one into closer touch with the wonders of Persia's illustrious past. One cannot speak too highly of the taste with which the illustrations have been selected and reproduced, nor give any idea of the immensely wide field that they cover. Another feature of these volumes is the liberal supply of maps, excellent in draughtsmanship and instructive of the country and its surroundings, as well as of various phases in its history, such as the dominion of Alexander the Great, the rise of Islam, the province of the Eastern Caliphate, and of Central Asia. The story of Persia must always be of paramount importance, for the study of the past is a lesson for the present and a guide to the future. Of the future of Persia, who can say? except that it will grow in interest as its affairs become settled and its historical treasures are brought to light.

DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS.

IN THE GARDEN.

NEW ROSES OF THE YEAR.

THE intense interest taken in Roses was manifested in an unmistakable manner by the number of people that visited the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, London, on Tuesday of last week. The units of this gathering had come, not only from the remote corners of the British Isles, but from nearly every country in the world, to see the National Rose Society's metropolitan exhibition. This exhibition is generally acknowledged to be the most comprehensive and representative of its kind in the world, and Rose experts vie with each other in exhibiting the very best blooms that their cultural skill can produce. The greatest interest, however, is always centred in the tent set apart for new Roses. The Society, to encourage raisers, offers gold medals or certificates of merit for new varieties that in the opinion of the judges are improvements on existing Roses of their respective types, and these awards are naturally looked upon by nurserymen and amateurs generally as the hall-mark of excellence.

That the opinion of those who judge these new Roses is sometimes at fault, all who have an intimate knowledge of the Queen of Flowers know only too well. Some few Roses that have in the past secured gold medals have proved almost useless for garden purposes, and so long as it is human to err there will, I am afraid, always be instances of this kind. Yet, on the whole, the awards may be taken as reliable guides, and most of the Roses that received recognition last week, and which I will endeavour to describe, will in the course of time find their appointed places in our gardens, and prove useful and beautiful additions to the many glorious varieties that already give us so much pleasure during the summer and autumn months. There are, however, two points that one would suggest raisers and exhibitors of new

Roses should bear in mind. One is to try to give us varieties that do not closely resemble existing sorts, and also to devote a little more attention to fragrance. A great many ardent lovers of the Rose were delighted to find that several at least of the new varieties shown last week emitted a delightful old Rose fragrance, but a larger number were almost devoid of this pleasing attribute. One cannot think that the general public needs Roses, however beautiful they may be, without fragrance. Two varieties only received gold medals, though eleven were granted the lesser award of certificates of merit. Is it a sign of the times that both gold medal varieties were of rambling or pillar habit, and both large flowered? The more interesting of these two was:

Scarlet Climber.—This is the Hybrid Wichuriana or Japanese Rose that arrested everyone's attention at the great Chelsea Show in May. It has a vigorous, rambling habit, and in size and shape the blossoms closely resemble those of the well known and fragrant variety *Grüss an Teplitz*. Their colour, however, is a much brighter glowing scarlet, and the raiser states that they last in good condition for at least six weeks. They are produced freely in medium sized clusters, and are slightly fragrant. For pergolas, arches or tall pillars this Rose undoubtedly has a brilliant future in store. It was raised and shown by Messrs. William Paul and Son, Waltham Cross. The other gold medal variety is named

Lemon Pillar.—Those who appreciate pillar Roses with large blossoms of exquisite form will extend a cordial welcome to this. The result of crossing *Maréchal Niel* with *Frau Karl Druschki*, it embraces the best characters of both, while the tenderness of *Maréchal Niel* has been eliminated. The accompanying illustration, which, of course, is much reduced, gives



LEMON PILLAR, A LARGE CREAM-COLOURED ROSE OF VIGOROUS HABIT.



FLAME OF FIRE. THIS IS A CHARMING DECORATIVE VARIETY.

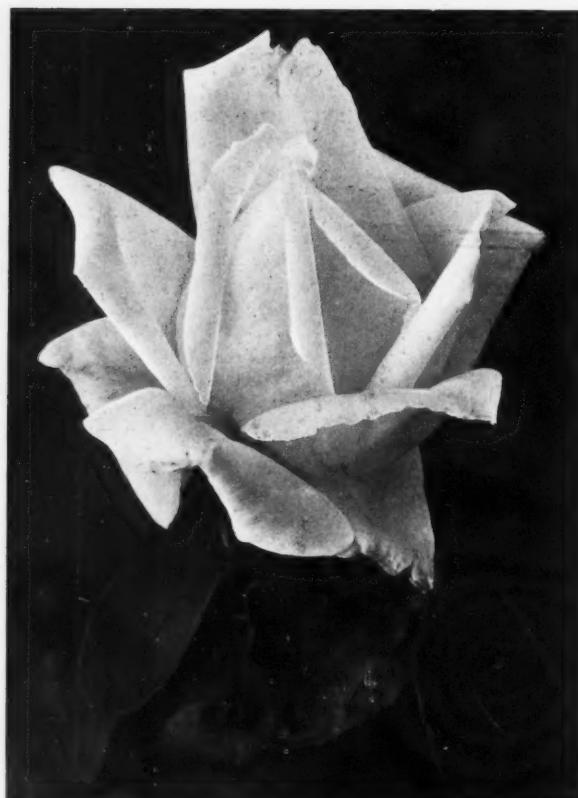
an excellent idea of the beautiful shape of the blooms, which are deep cream in colour and slightly fragrant, reminding one of Pernet-Ducher's *Entente Cordiale*, though they are very much larger. As each has a long, stout stem, this Rose, which was raised and shown by Messrs. George Paul and Son of Cheshunt, should prove excellent for cutting.

Each of the following received a certificate of merit :

Cherry Page.—A purely decorative Hybrid Tea bush Rose of vigorous, branching habit. The blooms, which are



THE NEW RAMBLER ROSE, SCARLET CLIMBER.



LADY BOWATER, A PALE BLUSH EXHIBITION VARIETY.

semi-double, are quite unique in colour, this being rich glowing cerise, shaded with gold. In the bud and half open stage these are exquisite, and for bedding and decorative purposes generally this Rose will be largely in demand. Raised and shown by Mr. W. Easlea, Eastwood, Essex.

Cupid.—This is a pillar Rose with large, single blooms of beautiful soft salmon pink colour, which is enhanced by the central disc of yellow stamens. Its habit is vigorous and robust, and the blossoms are produced in abundance in medium sized clusters. It should prove an exceedingly beautiful garden Rose, and I cannot imagine anything more charming for tables, vases and indoor decorations generally. It was raised and shown by Messrs. B. R. Cant and Sons, Colchester, and is classed as a Hybrid Tea.

Flame of Fire.—An exquisite Hybrid Tea Rose of rather small size, and specially recommended for garden and decorative purposes. Its colour is very deep rich orange yellow, and the blooms are rather long and pointed, hence should prove useful for buttonholes for those who care to wear flowers of such an intense colour. The habit of the bush is branching and moderately vigorous, the very thorny stems suggesting that some of the Pernetiana Roses, such as *Duchess of Wellington* or *Mme. Edouard Herriot*, have been used as its parents. Slightly fragrant. Raised and shown by Messrs. S. McGredy and Sons, Portadown, Ireland.

Florence Spaul.—Although the colour of this Hybrid Tea does not appeal to me very strongly, it is welcome on account of its sweet and pronounced fragrance and good form and substance. It is a large Rose, of rather flat shape, the interior of the flower being a glowing shade of salmon rose. This, however, is almost obscured by the deep rich pink or old rose colour that predominates. Its habit is vigorous and branching, and it should prove a good garden Rose and possibly useful for the exhibitor. Raised and shown by Messrs. B. R. Cant and Sons.

Johanna Bridge.—This is purely a decorative Rose, the flowers being little more than semi-double. They remind one very much of the variety *Margaret Molyneux*, being seen at their best in the bud and half open stage. Then the blending of pale yellow, orange and suffused pink is very charming. It makes a vigorous, branching bush, and as a garden Rose in cool, sunless districts it should prove a useful acquisition. Raised and shown by Mr. E. J. Hicks, Twyford.

Lady Bowater.—As will be seen in the illustration, this is a large exhibition Rose of conical form and considerable depth and substance. It is pale blush in colour, and classed as a Hybrid Tea, the plant possessing plenty of vigour and a good branching habit. In addition to its usefulness as an exhibition Rose, its raiser and exhibitor, Mr. W. Easlea, tells me that it is likely to be a good garden Rose. It is certainly a useful addition to the large Roses, and is slightly fragrant.

Prince Charming.—This should prove a good button-hole Rose, its rather small flowers possessing that long, pointed form so much appreciated for personal adornment. The colour is a brilliant mixture of orange scarlet, somewhat resembling *Mme. Edouard Herriot*, but with the orange tint more pronounced. The foliage is very beautiful, the older leaves being very glossy and deep green, while the young shoots and foliage are deep red. The stems are erect and very thorny, and its habit vigorous and branching. I think it will prove a very useful bedding Rose. Raised and shown by Messrs. Hugh Dickson, Limited, Belfast.

Queen Alexandra.—A large flowered, single, bush Rose that is stated to be perpetual flowering, and therein lies its usefulness. The petals are broad and shell-like, pale lemon yellow in colour, with the margin of each daintily suffused with blush pink. The blossoms are borne in medium sized clusters, and as the bush is of vigorous, branching habit it should appeal to those who appreciate single Roses. For table and indoor decoration generally it would be very charming. The raiser and exhibitor, the Rev. J. H. Pemberton of Romford, has devoted considerable time to new perpetual-flowering Roses in recent years.

Queen of Fragrance.—This delightfully fragrant Rose was first shown at the Holland House Exhibition last year, when it won the cup offered for the new seedling Rose possessing the most old Rose fragrance. It is a large flower, with petals of considerable substance, the colour being a pleasing shade of shell pink. As a garden Rose it is certain to be largely in demand, its fragrance alone demanding for it a prominent position. It was raised and shown by Messrs. William Paul and Son, Waltham Cross.

Sallie.—A Rose eminently suited for exhibition purposes, and probably a good garden variety also. Its colour reminds one somewhat of *Pharisäer*, though there is more of the flesh pink tint. The blooms are large and pointed, and possess a pleasing though not very pronounced fragrance. The habit is vigorous and good. Raised and shown by Messrs. B. R. Cant and Sons.

Titania.—This is a China Tea Rose of bushy, branching habit, its medium sized flowers being produced in abundance. The colour is a charming combination of coppery crimson, deep salmon red and yellow. The petals when fully developed reflex very prettily, and one cannot conceive a more beautiful variety for bedding and general decorative purposes. It was raised and shown by Messrs. William Paul and Son, and possesses, in some degree, the fragrance that one usually associates with Tea Roses.

F. W. HARVEY.

WASTE LANDS AND MODERN METHODS OF RECLAIMING THEM.—III.

BY HENRY VENDELMANS, ING. AGRIC.

USES FOR RECLAIMED LAND.

WE have now to consider the uses to which waste land, brought under cultivation, may be put. This is a matter which must be decided definitely at the very beginning, in order that the end proposed may be attained in the most economical and the most rapid manner. Important modifications introduced as second thoughts, besides completely changing the planned out aspect of the estate, will result in expenditure which will be a pure loss and in work which will not be adequate; it will involve an extravagant use of manure and a loss of time.

We shall find, indeed, that land, destined for different objects, requires a difference in preparation of soil. Ploughing, for example, may be too deep or not deep enough; if for

importance of a definite decision. All the more so as even the preliminary cultivation will vary according to its object and according to the character of the soil. Further, the means of communication, roads for working, etc., will vary according to the use to be made of the ground; often, too, means of drainage will depend upon this also.

The landowner must keep before him the fact that, having invested his money, he must either realise it or derive interest from it and not waste it in all manner of whims or in carrying out enterprises attempted elsewhere without any advantageous result.

Those parts of the estate to be preserved intact in their primitive condition should be clearly indicated in order to avoid any error. If digging has already proved the existence at any spot of matters useful in commerce, for example, clay,



A YOUNG PLANTATION ON RECLAIMED WASTE.

forests it may have to be done over again; if for meadows it must be different. Sometimes mere hoeing would suffice for low-lying meadows.

So also will the proportions of manures vary according to the products which are to result from the preliminary culture and according to the use to which the land will be put. Great care must be taken to use only the exact quantities of each manure; any variation might injuriously increase the cost of production and cultivation. Thus manures and their proportions will not be the same for a pine plantation as for woods and forests, and, again, they will vary according as the land is to be used for a pine plantation or for pastures or for arable land.

A decision as to the use to which the land is to be put is also necessary in order to arrive at the sum to be sunk. Thus, the capital will vary according to that use. If it be meadow or arable land, the capital to be advanced would be longer in yielding a return. If forests, the product of preliminary culture will return the capital immediately. Hence the

sand or iron, a study should be made of the possibility of working them either with the object of utilising upon the spot and selling finished products, or providing the raw material for any industry which may have need of it.

Even if the working of such substances cannot be undertaken immediately, their ultimate use should be taken into consideration and a decision arrived at as to whether or not the ground in that spot should be reclaimed.

Here we must remark that the conversion of waste ground into forests will present many attractions to a landowner, because money thus invested may be realised at the end of a few years—two, three, or four—by the products of preliminary culture; the ground will have been prepared, improved and considerably enriched, all for nothing, and it will be in admirable condition for further planting. In this way land may be brought under cultivation at a trifling expense. But there are other ways more lucrative, although involving greater outlay—conversion into meadow land and the making of farms. These possible uses will depend upon

many circumstances, economical first of all. It is certain that an estate far removed from any means of communication will not be easy to work, for all products require to be taken often and regularly to market. Thus proximity to some popular centre may encourage the intensive cultivation of food products. Then the quality and the nature of the ground will affect the use to be made of it. It may render impossible certain forms of cultivation and necessitate others. For example, bare ground, shifting soil (without mould and without cohesion, with coarse grains of permeable sand, and on a relatively high level), cannot be used either for meadow land or permanent arable land. Pine plantations are the best use to which to put it. This kind of land wastes mould and retains chemical manures either very slightly or not at all. It will not do, therefore, to waste time and money in any prolonged form of cultivation.

In thin soil, grey in colour and hard to the touch—white sand and mould—pines may be planted, if the subsoil be sandy, or coppice and timber trees if the subsoil be a little better. On soil with a good depth hard timber trees

may be planted, or some fine fir or pine plantations if the soil is not too poor, or it may even be used for arable land and dry meadows if the subsoil be good. In land to be drained (by open ditches), if it be sufficiently loamy with a good depth of soil and a good subsoil, wood and underwood may be planted, and certain species of trees of some commercial value. It may also be used for meadows and pastures.

On marsh land, when it is possible to drain away the water, pine or fir plantations may be planted, or woods and forests, or it may be converted into arable or pasture or meadow land. Harrowing and ditching should be carried out if the land be low lying with a subsoil that is not very firm; it may then be used as hay fields. In certain places, where drainage is still more difficult, we may contrive meadows, or fish ponds. These various uses thus depend on the quality of the subsoil, on its permeability or its impermeability, and on the facilities for drainage.

The altitude of the land may also intervene to determine the use to which it may be put. Certain plants can grow at a height of from 1,000 feet to 1,500 feet, but will not thrive at 2,000 feet or 2,500 feet or more, an altitude which may perfectly suit other kinds of vegetation.

The existence of clay in the soil may facilitate the construction of buildings, bridges and aqueducts, made out of bricks baked on the spot, while the existence of a certain amount of iron ore, not rich enough perhaps to be used in great furnaces or in the purification of gas, may be utilised for the making of hard roads.

The manner of cultivation may also differ according to the sum which the landowner is prepared to invest; also it may depend on whether or not he can wait for its realisation, or whether the sum be only advanced for two, three, or four years. The sinking of large sums will permit him to

undertake large enterprises, involving the making of farms either for ordinary culture or for more special objects; while if he can only command a moderate capital he will create forests and then use his money again, when he has realised



AN ESTATE ROAD THROUGH YOUNG WOODS.

it, in preliminary cultivation, unless he prefers to devote himself to reclaiming waste land and then selling at a good price, as is often done at present. Sometimes the landowner employs competent persons who work the land for him under conditions determined beforehand. This is frequently done in Holland.

The landowner, for some personal reason, may wish to cover his estate with forest. This will be a profitable investment; it will afford him considerable pleasure without requiring any constant or assiduous supervision, in this way differing from farming or more speculative forms of land cultivation. It will not demand many workers. It will not require much working capital; at the same time the money invested will



WATER RETAINED ON RECLAIMED MARSH.

not be realised immediately. Nevertheless, on every extensive estate it will be profitable if not necessary to convert a large part into forest, because the money realised from the preliminary cultivation of these forests may be employed in

cultivating other land and eventually in constructing buildings, etc. If the landowner wishes to farm his estate he must take labour into consideration; he must remember, for instance, that arable land will require more labour than pasture. If he wishes to go in for breeding he will turn land into meadows, keeping a certain amount of it for growing crops. He who merely wishes to go in for fattening or buying young cattle in the spring and selling them in the autumn, without troubling about breeding, will convert his land chiefly into pasture with a few accessory arable fields.

With regard to unenclosed land there is a very profitable practice carried out at present in many places. In return for a slight rent anyone may send his cattle on to the land for the season, lasting from May 1st to November 1st. The landowner provides the water, so that if there be no ponds or ditches he must sink a well. The payment is £1 13s. 4d. or £1 15s. a year if the animal be young, and £2 for a full-grown beast. It is generally possible to feed two full-grown beasts, or two and a half young ones per hectare. Sometimes cattle dealers and farmers bring their beasts to pasture from a great distance, which proves that it is as profitable for them as for the landowner. The landowner himself, if he liked, could turn out his own cattle and derive the same profit as his tenant.

The conversion of heather land into meadows and arable land is itself very profitable and quite enough to occupy any ordinary person. But if the head of an estate is a person who

deriving profit from farming land, though there are many others. In reality the range of operations is limited alone by the knowledge of those who undertake them and the economic conditions of the ground. These two factors will determine the remuneration to be derived.

Perhaps the most ordinary and the least interesting kind of farming is the mere grazing of cattle on the spot, unless it be united to a speculation in cattle, the breeding, for example, of some special breed adapted to the neighbourhood with the object of producing milk or meat, or the raising of some special breed of pigs, or the fattening of pigs on a large scale, or horse breeding or poultry keeping.

Ordinary enterprises may yield satisfactory financial results, although not very brilliant. It is perhaps natural that after having transformed deserts into rich land one should not be content with ordinary results. The intelligence which has produced these things will naturally wish to go on to larger and more remunerative enterprises. This virgin soil, without weeds, may be cultivated at little cost and is admirably adapted to growing plants for seed. Fine rye, good wheat, and, in places where there is no fear of late frost, buckwheat free from weeds may be grown; also clover, and—what is very important—without weedy growths. I, personally, have measured clover more than a yard long grown on heather land recently brought under cultivation. These plants for seed, if very pure and grown on a good soil, will fetch a high market price, one considerably above that



RECLAIMED LAND LET AT FOUR POUNDS AN ACRE.

is intelligent and enterprising, the number of things that may be done and done with profit are almost innumerable if circumstances be favourable. Naturally they require more labour, more working capital, competent and careful supervision so that no source of remuneration may be neglected. Fabulous results may then be arrived at. We will merely enumerate the principal ways by which this may be done; most of them are already being practised and the others may be.

The personal taste of the landowner must, of course, count for much in selecting the object of cultivation: First, conversion of the whole estate into forest. Second, partial conversion into forest, but chiefly into arable with some meadow land; or partial conversion into forest with the principal part meadow, with a few accessory arable fields.

Conversion into meadow land or pasture on a large scale is regarded favourably because there are so many methods, with an important bearing on price, which may be employed according to circumstances, either separately or simultaneously. For example, the reaping of the grass crop, green or as hay, for use on the estate; the sale of the crops ungathered, the purchasers to undertake the cutting in three days, according to agreement, and the drying immediately afterwards; the hay crop to be sold when it is dry; the renting of meadow land either for pasture or hay making, in the last case with or without the obligation of manuring; renting of the right of pasture at so much a head, as explained above. These are some of the means of

of corn grown for consumption. We must profit from this fact and see that we realise the higher price.

I have seen excellent crops of early potatoes grown on heather land as well as new cooking peas. This may be done on a large scale, also beans may be grown; on certain ground with a clayey subsoil beetroot for sugar may be grown, because silicious impurities will not exist to any great extent in the juice of the plant. The growing of early potatoes, although not yielding greatly in weight, may be extremely remunerative; moreover, it serves as an excellent preparation for the soil which, cleared early in the year, may be prepared for a second crop. This is really intensive cultivation and of a very excellent kind. Moreover, the growing of potatoes for seed is very profitable, because the price obtained is higher than that given for potatoes for consumption.

If it is desired to grow asparagus on a large scale, it is very easy to find suitable ground. And if the soil be good and sandy this kind of cultivation is very remunerative. The growing of forced asparagus, too, is even more profitable. Brussels endive, if it were introduced into England, might be grown with good results on a well manured soil, and the cultivation of tomatoes, etc., may also be recommended.

Good results and excellent profits may also be derived from nurseries, established either for the needs of the estate or for commercial purposes. They may be used for growing shrubs, or plants for shrubberies, or trees for avenues, or young trees for woods, or fruit trees. One may note that

sandy ground is particularly good for nurseries, as it develops in plants plenty of fibre, which helps them to strike root when transplanted.

Everyone knows how important it is when planting to be able to obtain one's plants on the spot. Then one may choose one's time and the most favourable weather, in which case few plants will be lost and those which take root, being fresh and healthy, will do so vigorously. Besides, one can take up one's own plants as one has need of them. They will not be dried by a long transit, neither will their roots be exposed to the sun and frost and drying winds; thus they will be in the most favourable condition when transplanted. Not only will they be of better quality, but they will cost less than if they had to be bought in the market. Further, nurseries on the spot permit one to make use of—a matter which is very important, but unfortunately neglected because not widely known—valuable species, difficult to obtain in the market and very costly. For example, an American ash-coloured walnut, which to buy would cost about 800 francs per cubic metre for wood of the same age and the same dimensions as oak, may be grown on the spot for about 100 francs per cubic metre.

The establishment of orchards for the wholesale selling of fruit (pears, apples, cherries, nuts, and ultimately peaches and plums) may be very profitable, either with or without meadow land. The cultivation of delicate kinds of fruit may be combined with certain kinds of intensive culture. Thus loganberries and raspberries, white, red and black currants for jam, and even gooseberries, all very profitable, may be planted and grown on a large scale. In such operations labour should be reduced to the minimum by being replaced by machinery, which is more manageable and more economical wherever it is possible. So may these waste places behold their present desolation transformed by a life of an infinitely diversified activity which will convert their barrenness into unexpected wealth.

When once we have decided to what use we are going to put our land, we must proceed to lay out our roads and plan our drainage. Roads for working should lead as direct as possible from the farm buildings to the land; the most wooded parts of the estate should be the most cut up by roads, in order to facilitate the transport of products, which might be hindered by thick plantations. These roads for working must be connected with the main avenues, which pass through the chief parts of the estate, and with the roads of access. Ditches should be made preferably along the roadside, in order that the ground dug up from the ditch may be employed in the raising and levelling of the road. Also this will facilitate the drainage. Finally, it will keep the roads, made on a slight slope, in good condition, because the rain water will not lodge on them. Nevertheless, it is not advisable to make broad and deep ditches along the chief road because of danger to traffic. When it is necessary to have dykes, the roads must be adapted to them.

If there is any watercourse on the estate, the question of utilising it for the irrigation of meadow land must be taken into consideration. But first, the quality of the water must be studied by examining the ground through which it passes. Otherwise costly enterprises might be entered upon which would turn out to be useless if the water is not suitable for irrigation. I have seen work carried out with great expense and rendered absolutely useless because these considerations were ignored. Irrigation, although producing a very rank kind of hay, and for this reason not perhaps of the first quality, is, nevertheless, so economical a method of production that it is used whenever possible. Certain irrigation works on heather land in Belgium afford models for this kind of cultivation. The expense of carrying them out is largely defrayed by the abundance of the hay and by the fact that nitrous manures are rendered unnecessary.

The presence in the soil of pebbles, rounded or otherwise, may offer a serious obstacle to prolonged culture. Therefore, when they exist in any large quantity, one must be content with preliminary culture with the object of planting forest. If meadow land is to be created, then as many of the stones as possible must be removed from the surface.

One very important fact in all this reclaiming of waste land is that once the work is planned and begun, it is quite easy to go on with and very easy to superintend or control. Therefore, the landowner may enjoy all the advantages of those who carry out such work, without suffering from the inconveniences. He need not, for example, be constantly on the spot for fear lest, during a short absence, everything may go wrong. At the end of a few days, he may easily see the quantity and the quality of the work that has been put in; and he will not have to face those serious miscalculations and costly lessons which in certain industries result from inattention. Therefore these facts must not be urged as an excuse for not reclaiming waste land. All this shows consequently that it is vain to go far afield to seek some hazardous investment for capital when such an excellent and remunerative manner of placing it exists at our very doors.

The spots destined for the construction of buildings, dwelling-houses, stables, coach-houses, sheds, mills, silos, must be wisely chosen. They should always be in a place easy of access, healthy, free from damp and, in a word, as suitable as possible for the object for which they are intended.

On every estate favourably situated, and for which the land permits a future to be predicted, some suitable spot should be reserved for the eventual erection of a residence, and surroundings should be treated accordingly, so that when the time comes there should be nothing to destroy, the building to be erected merely completing the picture and finding itself in the framework already prepared for it.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Subjects of the Day: Being a Selection of Speeches and Writings, by Earl Curzon of Kedleston. With an Introduction by the Earl of Cromer. Edited by Desmond M. Chapman-Huston. (Allen and Unwin.)

Lord CURZON has been one of our greatest pro-consuls, and it cannot but be of the greatest interest to learn what thoughts have been occupying his mind during the short and pregnant years that preceded the war. The speeches of which this volume is composed range in time from 1906 to the present year. They are all interesting, but the most so to the general reader are those arranged under the titles "Personal Tributes" and "Domestic Affairs." Among the personal tributes, the most noteworthy is the little speech on Lord Tennyson delivered to the British Academy in 1909, and the best of it is the reminiscent part. We do not care much for the criticism. It argues little discrimination to talk of the "pealing grandeur" of "Blow, bugle, blow"—a piece as artificial as anything that could well be conceived. And, indeed, Lord Tennyson's fastidious refinement meets its greatest rebuke in the force and directness of those who followed him. But Lord Curzon had the advantage of being a personal friend of the late Poet Laureate, and it is delightful

to hear some of the table talk of the latter. For example, every Tennysonian will read with interest Lord Tennyson's own criticism of the famous three lines:

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees—

Lord Curzon went on to say:

I remember that he said they were the three most beautiful lines that he had written, and he hoped that they would be regarded as amongst the most beautiful in the English language.

In his judgment on the lines Tennyson was right, if he referred only to the wonderful rhythmical rhyme of the "m's" and the "n's"; but the greatest beauty surely demands more poignancy of feeling and language. Tennyson's reading only survives now through the memory of his friends and in the description of himself "Mouthing out his hollow oes and aes—deep-chested music." Lord Curzon gives a feeling description of his reading, and it is a very exact one:

The greater part of the recitation was made in a low rolling monotone, which occasionally rose in the middle of a line and fell with almost uniform regularity at the end of a stanza or phrase. It was like some Norse King's funeral dirge. I remember, when he recited "Blow, bugle, blow," that the

effect on the hearer was almost exactly that described in the opening lines of his own lyric :

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story.

It is noteworthy that when Lord Curzon asked him to read "Ulysses," he declined, on the ground that he did not share the popular appreciation of that piece. Lord Curzon is sure that Tennyson made an imperishable name, and those of us who were brought up on the poet and have admired him all our lives sincerely wish that he may be right. But time and experience seem ever to disclose more and more weakness. The expression is often fined down till its significance is wittled away altogether, and Tennyson made so little use of his undoubted faculty for strong and energetic expression that in the course of time it seems to have atrophied. Still, when all is said that can be said against him, there remains in his work a volume of fine poetry as bulky at least as that into which Wordsworth might be profitably condensed.

The obituary of George Wyndham has the charm that comes from knowledge and intimacy. We are glad it was published, although it can by no means be taken as a final estimate of the brilliant politician. In it Lord Curzon seems to give rein to his propensity for turning his geese into swans. If Wyndham had been anything like so great as he pictures him, his career would surely have attested it. That he was witty and charming and clever beyond the usual may be readily admitted, but when the crucial moment came he seemed always to lack the vigour and the thrust which make the great statesman. The companion notice of Alfred Lyttelton leaves less to be desired, because in this instance Lord Curzon devoted himself mainly to an uncontroversial estimate. His eulogy is condensed in the following words :

It would probably be true of him to say that no Englishman in the past half-century has had so unique a faculty of excelling in every form of sport, or practised it with so gay a mien, or turned it so entirely to the enjoyment of his friends as well as of himself. He was as much adored by the so-called professional as by his brother amateur, by his dependents as by his equals, by the gamekeeper as by his shooting host.

Sir William Anson is the subject of an excellent essay, which reads like a monument. The Balliol portraits are of Mr. Asquith and Lord Loreburn.

It would, however, give but a poor idea of Lord Curzon's range of interest if we confined ourselves to essays of a literary or eulogistic kind. Lord Cromer in his introduction properly says that he regards Lord Curzon

as the most able, as he is certainly by far the most eloquent, exponent of that sane Imperialism to which this country is wedded as a necessity of its existence.

That is a side of his character that must be kept to the front, although we do not dwell upon it in these pages. The Oxford speeches are also, without exception, eloquent in so far as they interpret the beauty of that home of lost causes. Among the "Public Affairs" the topic of national service is very freely handled, and our impression is that the majority of his countrymen will agree with Lord Curzon's argument. But the book must be read as a whole to get a true impression of the liberality of sentiment, the acuteness of intellect, and the devotion to the old and beautiful which are outstanding features in the mind of Lord Curzon.

Practical Tree Repair, by Elbert Peets. *Field and Queen* (Horace Cox Limited).

IT may safely be said that no section of horticulture is more neglected than the care of garden trees. Yet, on the whole, they are the most important as well as the most permanent things in gardens. One would imagine that sentiment alone would impel people to take the greatest care of their ancient or valued trees. Nothing in gardens can inspire associations and create memories as they do. On the old family demesnes of this country there must be hundreds of trees which have stood almost unchanged while generation after generation has passed from the cradle to the grave. Such trees it should be their owner's aim to preserve as long as possible, as no doubt it would be—if they knew what to do. But a widespread ignorance prevails on the subject.

In this country the three chief agencies that bring about the decline of trees are a failing food supply, storms and parasitic fungi. Of these the last is the worst. To parasitic fungi every hollow trunk, every cavity is due. Mr. Peets' book is the first, we believe, that has been devoted entirely to the doctoring or repair of trees. It was written originally for students in America, where, in addition to the three deleterious agencies just enumerated, they have to combat insect pests to an extent we in this country, fortunately, have hardly a conception of. The book, which runs to more than two hundred and fifty pages 8vo., deals almost exclusively with the treatment of cavities and hollow trunks in trees. There is, however, a useful chapter on the bracing of trees and the mutual support that weak or unduly heavy limbs on the same tree may be made to give to each other. The author advocates the modern system of supporting such limbs by means of an iron

rod pushed right through the centre of each limb. The hole is made with an auger whose bore is the same diameter as that of the iron rod to be used. The limbs are braced together by means of a screw-nut at the outer side of each limb. This system has one great advantage over the older plan of using an iron collar round each limb, inasmuch as when once done it is done for good; there is no readjustment to be performed, nor is there danger of damage by throttling the limb as neglected collars so frequently may be seen doing.

The directions given for the treatment of cavities are very full and very excellent. The subject is dealt with in far fuller detail than we have seen elsewhere. The relative virtues of the various antisepctic coverings for wounds that are used are exhaustively discussed, and we are glad to find that, on the whole, the author favours the substance most commonly used in this country, namely, gas-tar. Even the constituents of Portland cement are given. This material appears to be the one most commonly used in America for "filling" or "stopping." For small cavities it is as good as any and more convenient. But it is very rigid, and for larger ones it is apt to crack and thus let in moisture. For such cavities we believe that asphalt will eventually prove to be more suitable on account of its slight elasticity. The matter is treated very fully by Mr. Peets.

The book as a whole may be strongly recommended to those who desire to prolong to its utmost limits the vitality of ancient or rare trees. In our opinion the processes advocated are absolutely sound. If it has a fault, it is a redundancy of not strictly essential detail, while there are important matters in the preservation of trees it does not touch upon. There is still room for a work which will deal with the subject in its entirety—the pruning and training of trees when young, the food supply to the roots, enabling them to withstand storms, and the repair of their wounds on the lines indicated in this book. All this might be adequately done in a volume no larger than this. It is well illustrated, but lacks an index.

W. J. BEAN.

THE GALLIPOLI PROBLEM.

"A few miles from a victory such as the world has not yet seen."

THERE appears to be a good deal of scepticism regarding that portion of Mr. Churchill's speech at Dundee in which, with reference to the attack on the Dardanelles, the above words occur, and in which he said: "I am speaking of victory in the sense of a brilliant and formidable fact shaping the destinies of nations and shortening the duration of the war. Beyond these few miles of ridge and scrub . . . lie the downfall of a hostile empire, the destruction of an enemy's fleet and army, the fall of a world-famous capital and, probably, the accession of powerful allies."

There seem to be many who doubt our ability to obtain control of the straits, or that, if obtained, the consequences must follow that are asserted by Mr. Churchill, and this doubt has been accentuated by more than two months having elapsed since our first landing. It may, therefore, be of interest to consider the physical obstacles to success as well as those devised by man.

Before it will be possible to use the straits with safety the whole of the Gallipoli peninsula must be occupied, for so long as the enemy holds any portion of the side of the Dardanelles he can place floating mines in the stream which would be carried down by the south-west current that almost constantly flows through at four to five miles an hour. The Asiatic side is lower and would be rendered untenable by the enemy if we could obtain possession of the European side, and I will therefore give some particulars of the physical features of the peninsula. It is nearly fifty miles in length from Bulair to Cape Helles and is somewhat in the shape of a spearhead. At Bulair it is nearly four miles across, narrows to three miles at the old line of Anglo-French entrenchments and then broadens to a width of fourteen miles about half way down. Between that point and the end there is a neck where it narrows to five and a half miles, after which it again widens to eight miles and then tapers to the end. That neck is a point of very great importance. It starts from the Gulf of Saros on the south side of Gaba Tepe, a hill of 115ft. in height and fifteen miles from Cape Helles, follows the valley of Hazmaka due east for nearly two miles, then, crossing a low spur only 65ft. above sea level, descends in a little over a mile to the Khelia Valley, down which two miles due east lies Khelia Bay on the Dardanelles, between Khelia Tepe and Maidos Tepe. The former is 450ft. high and stands right out into the straits, commanding the passage between Bokali and Nagara on the inner side, with some miles of coast beyond, and also the whole of both shores for the five miles back to the Narrows. Maidos Tepe is 400ft. high, but stands farther back, and all the other headlands on the coast are considerably lower. The hill behind Kildi Bahr near the Narrows reaches 653ft., but is fully a mile inland. It also commands a large section of the straits. The southern portion below the neck is about fifteen miles in length and is mainly composed of a group of hills radiating from a central mass whose highest point is Achi Baba (730ft.). Between this hill mass and the neck, however, there lies a ridge commencing on the Dardanelles eleven miles from Sidd-el-Bahr, running north-west for three miles and then west and south-west to the Gulf of Saros, seven miles north of Cape Helles. It rises very steeply from the Dardanelles and has very rugged and abrupt sides. Its greatest height is 500ft. near the inner side

and it gradually decreases towards the sea. Krithia is on a low spur of this ridge on the western side near the head of the valley which curves round the Achi Baba hills and separates them from the ridge. North of the neck is a somewhat broken ridge running in a curve from Gaba Tepe to Khelia Tepe, and it would appear to be along this line that the Australian and New Zealand contingents are advancing. The north-east portion of the peninsula does not appear to be so difficult, although a number of the hills are from 1,000 to 1,200 feet high. They slope back from the shore at an easier angle, and between the ranges lining the shore are broad valleys running in the same direction. These valleys begin on the Gulf of Saros, about four miles north of Gaba Tepe. The ridge running nearly north from that hill reaches in four miles Coja-chunan Dagh (950ft.), the highest point and dominating the commencement of the valley system.

The isthmus joining the peninsula to the mainland has its narrowest point about two miles south of Bulair, where it is under three miles across. At this point a ridge runs right across from sea to sea, reaching 550ft. at its highest point. It starts at Yenikli Bay on the Gulf of Saros and ends at a point on the Sea of Marmora, five miles east of the town of Gallipoli, which stands on a cliff-faced promontory where the Dardanelles opens out to the Sea of Marmora. Along this ridge a line of entrenchments was constructed by the Anglo-French forces in 1853, with a fort at each end and a third near the centre on the highest point. Near the centre of the ridge a spur runs out to the east, and Bulair is on its end where it branches out into two hill masses, between which and the other hills fringing the shore of the Sea of Marmora is a deep valley running through from a low shore to a plain which extends in places to the coast near Port Baklar on the Gulf of Saros. The occupation of this ridge by an enemy would stop all supplies by land to the defenders of the peninsula, and would probably be followed in a short time by the capture of the town of Gallipoli and the cutting off of supplies by water. It is, therefore, practically certain that it will be found to be the most strongly fortified position in the whole peninsula. The rumours that a force has been landed at this point are almost certainly without foundation, and had their origin in the vague wording of the unofficial telegrams from Athens and elsewhere. Mr. Asquith stated on May 6th that troops were landed at two points on the Gallipoli peninsula, and these were Sidd-el-Bahr and Gaba Tepe, and no points have since been mentioned in any official report other than these or places in their immediate neighbourhood.

Kereves-dere, so frequently mentioned in French despatches, and the head of which was recently captured by them, is a valley running down from Achi Baba. Its mouth is about three miles above Sidd-el-Bahr. It is apparently the furthest point occupied on the shore of the Dardanelles. From the latest reports we are on three sides of Achi Baba and within a mile of the summit, the capture of which practically means the control of the straits up to the Narrows.

From Gaba Tepe our advance appears to have brought us within three miles of Khelia Tepe, the occupation of which, as previously pointed out, controls the straits from the Narrows to about ten miles beyond, and an advance from this point, where the Dardanelles have widened to three miles or more, would meet with much fewer natural difficulties. An advance from Krithia along the ridge to Kilid Bahr will give control of the Narrows, and with the occupation of these three positions the most difficult part of the problem will have been solved.

The fortifications on the neck below Bulair will almost certainly have been designed mainly to resist an attack from the mainland or the head of the Gulf of Saros, and, owing to the steep rise of the ridge from the valley previously mentioned, could only be captured at an enormous expense if attacked from either of these points; but an attack from the rear would not only have far less formidable natural obstacles to surmount, but would undoubtedly find the fortifications much weaker.

Once water communication is stopped it will be impossible for the Turks to send any large quantity of munitions or stores to the forts or troops on the Asiatic shore of the Dardanelles, owing to the great extent of intervening mountainous country and the absence of suitable roads through it, consequently their surrender or retreat is inevitable.

As the fighting on both the east and west has shown, the main factor in modern warfare is the supply of munitions, and for these Turkey has been largely dependent on Germany. Owing mainly to financial reasons there can be little doubt that she has not been able to accumulate a large reserve since the recent Balkan War, and the amount she can produce herself, especially of large calibre and high explosive shells, can only be very small in relation to her actual requirements. Some supplies, no doubt, have been reaching her by rail from Germany and Austria, but these cannot amount to much when we read that the Roumanians recently found that eighteen railway wagons had been provided with false bottoms, under which 250 shells had been hidden. If it were thought worth while going to so much trouble for such a trifling supply, we may fairly infer that there is a considerable shortage. Under these circumstances we may reasonably assume that, having performed the most difficult part in securing a footing in the peninsula, we must in time secure the whole of it. I say *in time* because, having the advantage of a relatively inexhaustible supply of ammunition, a slow advance means securing our object with a minimum loss of life.

Another factor largely in our favour is the shortage of coal in Turkey. It will be remembered that more than a month ago the Russians bombarded and destroyed the works of a coal mine on the Turkish coast of the Black Sea, and I believe I am correct in saying that this was the only source of supply other than that imported from abroad. The latter has practically ceased, and the stocks must be nearing exhaustion, so that it will be difficult to send supplies from Constantinople by steamer, and they will have to go by land—a distance of nearly two hundred miles by country roads of the poorest quality.

Having, I think, made it clear that our ultimate capture of the Dardanelles is certain, it only remains to consider whether the consequences suggested by Mr. Churchill are likely to follow.

The position of Constantinople round the east end of the Sea of Marmora is such that its defence against an attack from the sea would be extremely difficult even if the Turks possessed a good supply of guns of large calibre for its defence; but we may safely assume that all such guns have been used for the fortifications of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, these being the natural defences against an attack by sea, as the Chitalja lines are against one by land. In all probability no attempt will be made to defend Constantinople itself, and with its loss the prestige of the Turk will also be lost. As suggested by Mr. Hogarth in a most interesting paper read before the Geographical Society on April 26th, "a Turkish monarch retired to Brusa, Konia, Aleppo or Baghdad . . . would be in fact just another Sultan in a continent where sultans swarm." With that loss of prestige the empire would break up into separate States, according to their nationalities.

The fall of Constantinople would tend to counterbalance the effect of the German successes in Galicia, and powerfully influence the decision of the Balkan States as to the side they would join. Another result of first-class importance is the opening of the Bosphorus, which would certainly follow the falling of Constantinople, and would release the enormous supplies of corn in South Russia for our benefit and at the same time enable us to send to Russia some of the munitions she so earnestly requires.

G. L.

NOTE.—On the War Office map, Khelia Tepe is called Mersin Dagh, and Maidos Tepe, Kalkma Dagh, while Achi Baba is Bairesah Dagh.

SCHOOLS AND THE BOY.—II.

RUGBY, MARLBOROUGH, CHARTERHOUSE, WELLINGTON, CHELTENHAM AND CLIFTON.

RUGBY must always come to mind among the first of English Public Schools. Everybody feels that he knows something about it, since we may hope that everybody has read the one undeniable classic among school stories, "Tom Brown's Schooldays." To many the book casts around Rugby an imperishable mantle of romance, so that when they heard that the "Three Trees" had disappeared from the Close, they felt, though they had never seen them, a sense of personal loss. The Rugby of to-day is, of course, a very different place from that of Tom Brown. Nor does it in any sense live upon its past. The writer asked an old Rugbeian, who has now a son at the school, what he thought of it. His answer came pat: "The best school in England at the present moment." Such honest enthusiasm, worthy of "Old Brooke's" speech at School House Singing, must be

given due weight even when all proper allowances have been made.

The school has had in recent years a series of particularly able and distinguished head-masters. The present-Bishop of Hereford did good work both for the learning of the school and for that indefinable thing called tone, and it has been continued ever since. There is no doubt that the standard there is a high one and the boys work hard. One old boy who has risen to a distinguished position in the world, told the writer that being a rather slow but hard-working and conscientious boy, he had found his hours of lessons almost too long. The result was that he never opened any kind of book in his holidays, and so had had deliberately to acquire in grown-up life the art of reading in his spare time. He further said that he had felt himself rather weighed down by classics. But that was some time ago, and there

have been many things changed since then, and though Rugby still has a good record in the matter of classical scholarships at the Universities, it is essentially a go-ahead and progressive school with a strong modern side. Everything that one hears about it gives a feeling of general efficiency and progress, and it is decidedly at the present moment on the crest of the wave. Incidentally, it is one of the Public Schools—Harrow is another—that has had itself inspected by the Education Office.

There is a hard, keen tradition about the school, the word "hard" being used in a thoroughly good sense. Once it might have been used, as also in the case of other schools, in a sense less pleasing. The old Rugbeian first quoted said: "Do the boys have a better time of it than they did in my day? I should think they did. Why, they have baths!" And he is not so decrepitly old a boy either. It is difficult to attribute to Rugby any particular type, but it may be set down as a very popular school in the Midlands and the North. The prosperous business men in the big towns have a high opinion of it; but Rugby also draws on a wide field in all parts of the country, and at the present time Old Rugbeians are being particularly faithful and patriotic in sending their sons there. With the name of Rugby one naturally associates that of Marlborough, perhaps, because they meet annually at Lord's. Marlborough has the advantage of being in some of the most delightful country in England and it is always pleasant to think of boys being brought up in beautiful surroundings. In summer time it is beautiful; in winter, on the other hand, it is rather cold and bleak. "There are," as we know from our *Pickwick*, "pleasanter places, even in this dreary world, than Marlborough Downs, when it blows hard." Marlborough is, therefore, probably not the most suitable of all schools for a boy who is not very strong. Patriotic Old Marlburians will scornfully dissent, but the sentence shall be allowed to stand. There are other schools where a delicate boy could lead a rather less strenuous life in a milder climate. If any definite characteristic can be pitched upon in the case of Marlborough it is that of a certain strenuousness or hardness and a distinct tradition of scholarship. It has, too, something of a clerical tradition. The sons of clergymen can go there at reduced terms.

Thus the charges for the son of a clergyman within the College are stated as £85 with a nomination and £90 without. Further, there are seventy-four Foundation Scholarships worth £30 a year each, tenable by the sons of clergy with a nomination from a Life Governor or the Council. Thus it will be seen that the education of Marlborough can be extraordinarily cheap for so excellent a school. For the rest of the world the charges are put down as £100 within the College, and, subject to some small variations, £130 in the boarding-houses outside the College. Generally speaking, Marlborough may be set down as a cheaper school by some £20 than Rugby, and the cost of Rugby may be roughly taken at £150. It must always be remembered, in speaking of the expense of any school, that it is difficult to give very exact figures. Something, for instance, must depend on the standard of pocket money, which will vary with the standard of prosperity among parents. It is a platitude to add that clothes can cost more or less. Generally speaking, as was said in the first article, it is impossible here to go much into detail.

With Charterhouse we come to another school of old and illustrious tradition, though in this case a tradition broken to some extent by the move from London to the country. Charterhouse to-day is not the Greyfriars of Colonel Newcome and Clive and Pendennis. Many ancient rites and customs must have gone with the move, though much remains, and, as is nearly always the case in a historic school, Carthusians are a most patriotic race. If money is ever wanted for some school object, whether it be a Charterhouse ball in London or something more intimately and permanently connected with the school, there are always Carthusians to provide it. They are, on the whole, a very prosperous race—not millionaires, but drawn for the most part from the essentially comfortable and well-to-do classes.

It is no disrespect to the work at Charterhouse to say that the thing with which Charterhouse is connected in the public mind is football. The school has produced, by the help of Mr. Dames Longworth, a series of fine racquet players, but Association football comes first. The game is not among amateurs what it once was, and there are no names of to-day that can sound so stirring as those of W. N. Cobbold or the brothers Walters, but the tradition of intense keenness for the game survives at Charterhouse.

The summer is of no great account by comparison. The winter is the great season. There is "the eleven" which means the football team and the "cricket eleven." The consuming love of football could not be more tersely or eloquently expressed. The point deserves emphasis because it is part of the character of the place, but, of course, it is only part. The school has many merits, not the least that its old boys are so loyal and affectionate and that it is set in real country and some of the prettiest country in Surrey. Also, it should be said that it has such up-to-date appurtenances as carpentering shops, swimming baths and modern sides. As is nowadays the more usual and, as it seems, the wiser plan, there is no division between classical and modern sides in the Under School and the education only bifurcates into these two branches after the more elementary stage is passed. The cost of a boy at Charterhouse may be set down as £130, or, to be on the safe side, a little more.

We associate Wellington with Charterhouse as we did Marlborough with Rugby, because the schools are opponents in the cricket field; but Wellington has, of course, this characteristic of its own, that it is peculiarly connected with the Army. It was originally founded in memory of the great Duke for the education of the sons of deceased officers. Ninety of these are now on the Foundation, and are educated for £10 a year, and apart from these the sons of officers obtain reduced terms, and can be educated in College for about £100 a year. It should be added that College, as distinguished from the Houses, means simply certain parts of the buildings, and is used here in a different sense from that at Eton or Winchester, where it implies the holders of scholarships. The Army is at this moment almost a new institution grown out of all knowledge; but, speaking of ordinary times, there is a great deal to be said for sending a boy who is to be a soldier to an essentially soldier school. Not only is he taught with that end in view, but he is certain of embarking on his new profession with old school friends. Wellington owes much to the very real and constant interest taken in it by the Royal Family. King Edward VII, for example, used to go to the Speech Days there, and to-day the King is Visitor of the College. The Duke of Connaught, who is president, may also be cited as having always been keenly interested, and several members of the Royal Family have been at school there themselves, including Prince Christian Victor, who died in South Africa, and Prince Maurice of Battenberg, who has fallen in the present war. We are not likely in the future to lay such stress as we used to do upon games, but it may be pointed out that the schools which send many boys into the Army lose some of the athletic fame that might be theirs. Not only do boys leave younger, but through often going to distant parts of the Empire when their contemporaries from other schools are at the Universities, they are little heard of by the general public, and remain mute and inglorious as compared with their civilian brothers. To give a purely personal view, the writer, perhaps through the accident of his own Wellington friends, always thinks of the school as productive of singularly engaging people. What is more to the point, Old Wellingtonians have a very high reputation in the Army.

Cheltenham is another great Army school. With Cheltenham we may bracket Clifton, since both are in the same county, Gloucestershire, and both have a good many characteristics in common, although, perhaps, Clifton has not quite so strong a military flavour. One marked point of similarity is that both schools have a large number of day boys. Cheltenham is a town of schoolchildren and parents, second only in this respect to Bedford. Many people, and more especially old soldiers, settle down to live there and educate their children. The whole question of day schools is too large to enter upon here. A day boy must almost perforce lose something of the romance and the corporate life of a Public School. Other things being equal, most parents would probably like their boys to be boarders, and so drink in to the full the spirit of school life, but considerations of money often compel them to decide otherwise. And a day boy at Cheltenham or Clifton gets a good education at a good school, with a keen, strenuous tradition both in work and play, for a little more than £40 a year. That figure may be given roughly, in the same way that it may be said that as a boarder the boy will cost about £120. Both schools are divided into three sides—classical, modern and Army and engineering. At either a boy will be made to work hard under a good deal of careful superintendence. It may be said that he will not have so much independence in regard to his work as he would at some older schools. There are both advantages and disadvantages in the system, as to which people must decide for themselves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE AND THE GREAT WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was deeply interested to read in your issue of last week the stirring story of the martial prowess of Oxfordshire men and Buckinghamshire men during the present war. It was well worth the telling, and it was well told, and I am sure that a series of such articles cannot fail to be grateful to that strong sense of local patriotism on which, thanks to the wisdom of our statesmen—all too rare, perhaps, in military matters—our regimental system, alike for the Regular and the Territorial Army, has been based. The article, of course, made no claim to completeness as a record of the war service of the two counties, and perhaps you will allow me to supplement it in a few particulars, relating more especially to Buckinghamshire. No mention, for example, was made of the Royal Bucks Hussars. That regiment has not, indeed, had the good fortune of the Oxfordshire Hussars, to which your correspondent paid so well deserved and brilliantly earned a tribute. It has not yet had an opportunity of crossing swords with the enemy or of manning the trenches. Not until the spring of the present year did the Bucks Hussars receive their sailing orders, and their destination proved to be, not France, but what is known in official language as "the Eastern Mediterranean." In peace time there is only one battalion of the regiment, but at the very outset the nucleus of a reserve battalion was formed, and this 1st Reserve Regiment has for many weeks been complete, and is now stationed in East Anglia. It is under the command of Colonel the Hon. W. Lawson, who served under the late Lord Chesham with the Imperial Yeomanry during the South African War, though he began his military career in the Scots Guards. A 2nd Reserve Regiment is now being raised and trained at Buckingham under the command of his elder brother, Colonel the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P.

These three yeomanry regiments are mainly officered by Buckinghamshire men, members of well known families in the county, and the list includes the names of Grenfell, Disraeli, Rothschild and Primrose. The Grenfell family, indeed, has a particularly close association with the Royal Bucks Hussars. Colonel Cecil Grenfell, the eldest of the late Mr. Pascoe Grenfell's many soldier sons, commands the regiment now on foreign service, and has a brother among his Majors. It was with this regiment in peace time that the late Captain "Rivy" Grenfell, the world-renowned polo player, learnt his soldiering. He met his death early in the war, while attached to the 9th Lancers, during the desperate but luckless charge of De Lisle's Brigade, which was brought up dead by concealed "wire."

The 9th Lancers was the regiment of his gallant twin-brother, Captain Francis Grenfell, V.C., whose war record was even finer than your correspondent stated, for he was twice very seriously wounded and invalided home before he met his lamented death. He was described as the life and soul of his regiment, and there was no better known or more popular officer among the junior ranks in the whole of the British Army. He was the fourth of the brothers to die fighting, for one fell in the Lancers' charge at Omdurman, and yet another, though not a soldier by profession, met a soldier's death during a native rising in Rhodesia.

A near relative, Captain Julian Grenfell, the elder son and heir of Lord Desborough of Taplow, was killed only a few days before Captain Francis Grenfell, V.C. On him, too, there rested high hopes, and not alone as a soldier. He wrote verse with distinction, and a letter which he sent home from the front and which appeared anonymously in the papers just before his death was remarkable as much for its literary quality as for its candour and high spirits. "I adore war," was one of the expressions it contained, and he wrote of his experiences blithely, as of some "gigantic picnic without its inconvenience."

*Dime hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale? an sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido?*

A similar bereavement has befallen another well known Buckinghamshire peer, the Marquess of Lincolnshire, whose only son, Viscount Wendover, a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, succumbed a few weeks ago to his grievous wounds in hospital at Boulogne. His cousin, Lieutenant the Hon. Rupert Carington, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, has also been wounded. Young

Lord Chesham, whose father was organiser in chief of the Imperial Yeomanry during the South African War and survived its perils only to be killed by an accident in the hunting field, was wounded at Ypres, but, happily, not seriously. He was serving with the 10th Hussars. Lord Burnham of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, has lost two grandsons, one the younger son of Colonel the Hon. W. Lawson, a lieutenant in his father's old regiment, the Scots Guards; and the other Sir Edward Hulse, a captain in the same regiment, who had won the D.S.O. and mention in despatches for several daring feats of reconnaissance. Two Buckinghamshire lieutenants in the Grenadier Guards may also be mentioned—Lieutenant Aubrey Fletcher of Dorton and Lieutenant Ivor St. Croix Rose of Rayners. These have both been wounded.

Disraeli once said, in conversation with a friend among the beech woods at Hughenden, "The Civil War was made in those hills." As he spoke he waved his hand towards the Chilterns with thoughts of Hampden in his mind. During the last ten months the same peaceful Chilterns have once more resounded to the preparations for war, and many are the camps which have been formed where those stately hills rise out of the plain, right across from the Oxfordshire to the Hertfordshire border. The writer has specially in mind the great camps below the beech woods, on the slopes of the chalk hills above the Rothschild mansions at Halton and Aston Clinton, where some 30,000 men of the New Army have for months been in training, drawn for the most part from Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Durham and Northumberland—men whose strong northern dialect was at first almost unintelligible to the Buckinghamshire cottagers with whom they were billeted. The Chilterns have been a magnificent training ground for the stricken fields which, alas! still lie before us.

Just one word more! The playing fields of Eton lie in Buckinghamshire, and how nobly Eton has borne her part in the Great War there is no need to say. Proudly she counts her living sons in the Army List by the hundred; proudly and sorrowfully she remembers her dead by the score. Other counties may justly claim them too, but it was at Eton, and therefore in Buckinghamshire, that they learnt

To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave them birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.

—F.

A FAMOUS HEAD-PIECE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This beautiful head-piece, which for design and execution is unsurpassed by any other extant, is the undoubtedly work of Paolo Negri, and its date *circa 1530-1540*.

The breast and back plates of this helmet are in the museum of the Louvre, and were presented to that museum about the year 1820. This casque was on loan at the South Kensington Museum in 1862; also on loan at the same time was a richly repoussé breastplate, lent by Mr. Magniac, and which was at that time supposed to have formed a part of the same armour as the casque. The breastplate is signed by the artist Paolo Negri. Although the design on the breastplate is almost identical with that on the casque, the marginal parts (the roped turnover at neck and the gussets) are entirely different from those of the casque, while the breast and back plates at the Louvre are the same in all details with the casque illustrated.

This casque, with the exception of its oreillettes, is formed from one piece of steel, and is ornamented with repoussé arabesques, grotesque figures, birds, etc., the front in the form of a dolphin's head, the margins of the acanthus leaves being marvellously undercut. The crest is a sheaf ornament, and stands out boldly from the skull proper. The casque, unlike the breast and back plates in the Louvre, has never been cleaned bright, but retains all its beautiful bronze-like patina which age alone can impart. The original colour when it left the armourer's atelier was probably a blue-black. This head-piece is now in the possession of Mr. S. J. Whawell, who purchased it in London in June, 1912, for the sum of £5,150.—ANTIQUARY.



A MILANESE HELMET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE BEAUTY OF NEGLECT.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I was much interested in a photograph which was in your paper of June 26th under the above heading, and I am sending you a small picture of



UNPRUNED FOR FIVE YEARS.

an Allan Richardson rose bush, which grows in my garden in Surrey. The day the photograph was taken I counted 853 roses on it. The tree has not been pruned for five years, neither has it received any attention, yet it is one mass of perfect blooms. Another example of Nature making her own picture.—BEATRICE ARCHER.

AN ALBINO WREN.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I am enclosing herewith two photographs which I think will prove to be of interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, as they depict a case of albinism, which I think must be rare, the creature being a wren. I have never seen a similar case myself; perhaps some of your readers have. This young bird, which is one of a brood of four, is, I am pleased to say, still living, and the



IN THE LABOURER'S HAND.



FREE AND CONTENTED.

farmer on whose property it was found is trying to keep an eye on it. The other three young birds and the parents are quite normal. As the bird was able to fly, to make sure I got one of the farm hands to hold it while I took the first photograph, but afterwards I secured one of it quite free.—C. J. KING.

HOW TO MARKET CHICKENS AND EGGS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I am exceedingly interested in Belle Orpigne's articles on poultry in COUNTRY LIFE. I have kept poultry for some years, and now would like to make it profitable. Hitherto I have only hatched enough chickens for our own use; but this year, thinking there might be a demand, I have incubated regularly, and shall soon have a good many chicken ready for the table. I have Rhode Island reds and white Wyandottes, and am now going to have one or two pens of crosses, according to Belle Orpigne's advice for table birds. If it is not troubling you too much, could you very kindly tell me the best way for me to get a market for my chickens and eggs? Is it best to supply the trade or try to get a private connection through advertisements? Is there any demand for preserved eggs? Besides fresh eggs and poultry for the table I proposed selling sittings and live birds from my pure bred pens. I have plenty of room so am not afraid of overcrowding, and all my birds are very healthy. If you could kindly help me in any way I should be deeply grateful.—DEVON.

[If you can maintain a regular supply your best plan is to arrange with a poultryman, who ought to send you boxes or packing cases. If you have any quantity of preserved eggs, they are easily saleable to a town merchant, but you will find difficulty in selling if there are only a few. Sittings and live birds from a pure stock are most advantageously disposed of by advertising them.—ED.]

REARING WILD RABBITS BY HAND.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—It may sound simple enough, but a naturalist, or for that matter, anybody even moderately acquainted with the wild rabbit, could doubtless



SCRAMBLING FOR THE FEEDER.

imagine the difficulties attendant upon an effort to rear a nestful of them, so young that their eyelids were not yet unsealed and whose tiny limbs were scarcely even capable of carrying them. They were four little orphans deserted by their lawful mother, whose conduct lent basis to the rather unaccountable but, it is to be feared, incontestable theory that a mother rabbit never returns to a nest once disturbed by any human hand. So it came about that we, who had accidentally dug open their home, were faced with the alternative of either making ourselves responsible for their welfare or killing them. The latter seemed too ruthless, so the interesting, but by no means easy, experiment of rearing them by hand was eventually entered upon. It was found advisable to dispense with their own snug nest, built of dried grass and lavishly lined with fur plucked from their mother's breast, and a woollen cap, placed in an artificial burrow formed a not unfitting substitute; but it was in the problem of feeding that the principal difficulty consisted. Unfortunately, no foster-mother was obtainable. Had the little ones been foxes, otters, or even squirrels a cat could probably have been prevailed upon to oblige, but though there may be instances on record when a cat or any flesh-eating animal has been induced to adopt a rabbit, such cases are extremely rare. A fountain-pen filler was the final solution to the difficulty, and even then the risk of the babies starving to death was considerable for the first day or two, for, tiny as they were, they were one and all possessed of a will which well nigh baffled the most patient efforts. The hard end of the feeder, which they were expected to suck, was sadly unlike the source from which their sustenance had been before derived. It was strange, and therefore suspicious and to be resisted, and resist they did to such purpose that one meal alone occupied no less than two hours. Infinite patience and gentleness alone won the day, a few drops morning and evening keeping them going, until from swallowing the milk with which their mouths were filled, for the simple reason that they

could not eject it fast through their tiny but competent noses, they soon came to swallowing not from compulsion but from choice, and in a wonderfully short time they not only readily drank, but would actually come to, and scramble eagerly for, the feeder after the manner in which they may be seen in the photographs. The photographs depict them much as they now are. Daily they grow tamer, showing ever fewer and fewer traces of that innate or pre-existent fear which at first, although their conscious lives had hardly dawned, so hampered all the efforts made for their relief. From feeding upon

milk and earth—an appetising diet of their own selection, upon which they not only lived but appeared to thrive—they have now taken to eating lustily all garden produce which comes in their line, and seem to be perfectly happy.—D. B. P.

SEALYHAMS.

[TO THE EDITOR.] SIR,—I enclose a photograph of my Sealyham puppies, ten months old, for your paper, if you would like to put it in, as they are so fascinating. These are two of Mr. Horton's of Brentwood, and are very well bred.

AN ENGAGING COUPLE.

They are two sisters, Bee and Wasp, and a most lively, intelligent pair, and might delight your readers.—A. M. PETRE.

PONY BONE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am not surprised to learn that Mr. Dale has satisfied himself that the bone of the Exmoor pony is dense and ivory-like in character. He is right in saying that my ponies of Exmoor descent, crossed with either thoroughbred or Arab or both, have been called upon to do considerable work on hard roads. Only one of them has ever suffered from bone trouble and her case is really exceptional. Quite soon after I bought her she threw a small splint, but her former owner wrote to me, after she came into my possession: "She is a wonderful journey pony. The week before you had her she was driven over sixty miles out one day and returned the next day." Seeing that she was then only just four years old, after such an unwise trial of endurance the splint was not to be wondered at. Since that time, some nine years ago, until last month she has gone merrily on without break or rest. I have turned her out only because I wanted to find room in my London stable for one of the mares brought back from France by the Board of Agriculture and she will return to it when the latter can no longer be ridden. It is not altogether certain that the pony will benefit by the long rest but this remains to be seen.—HERBERT PRATT.

INCREASING "BONE" IN HORSES.

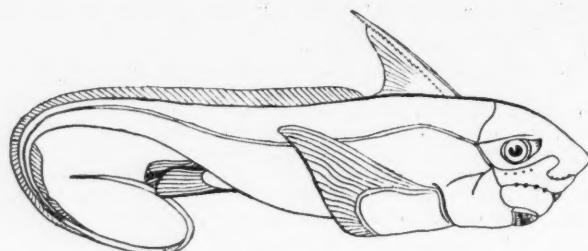
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The foxhound puppies I walk get a course of precipitated phosphate of lime. I have never sent a weet to kennels, and believe the lime thus assimilated affects the size of bone. Density is another matter, but I should treat foals the same way if I had them.—S.-N.

AN UNCOMMON FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Arctic chimaera (*Chimaera monstrosa*), also known as the rabbit-fish, king of the herrings, northern chimaera, sea ape, sea rat and sea monster,



THE KING OF THE HERRINGS.

is occasionally captured during the pursuit of the commercial fishes. The specimen depicted, which was caught off the south-west coast of Ireland on the 300 fathom line, is a female, the male having a curious tuft-like process on the upper surface of the head. The fish has a large head, with a

compressed body, tapering off to a fine tail, the specimen in question measuring 2ft. 10in. from the end of the snout to the tip of the tail. The mouth is small, and is furnished with two dental plates in the upper and one in the lower jaw, and there are several rows of pores on the head, while the dorsal fin is strengthened with a strong, finely serrated spine. This species has an almost world-wide distribution.—ALBERT WADE.

ITALIAN PEASANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Two years ago I spent a most enjoyable and instructive holiday in Southern Italy. During my wanderings away from beaten tracks—for the most pleasant method of seeing a country even when the language is unknown—I

came across two peasants whose portraits at the present time may not be out of place in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. No photograph of the goatherd could properly indicate either the colour or quaintness of his costume. Foot-covering, breeches and cape, though raggedly picturesque, were eminently serviceable. I have small doubt this unkempt youth has thrown away these unsavory garments in exchange for the uniform of the State and that he will make a fine fighting man.



A GOATHERD IN SOUTHERN ITALY.



THE UMBRELLA MENDER.

A KINGFISHER'S UNTIMELY END.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A choir-boy attending a service one December day at Grendon Church picked up a kingfisher lying in the snow, apparently lifeless, and put it in his coat pocket, which was ultimately hung up in the vestry. During the service the poor bird revived and escaped into the church, only to meet with a more sad fate, for it was there for two days, flying up and down the middle aisle, and though the Rector opened all the doors and windows, it never took advantage of the only means of escape and in the end perished.—THOMAS FISHER.